THE Conſcious LOVERS.

A COMEDY.

Written by

Sir RICHARD STEELE.

Illud Genus Narrationis, quod in Perſonis poſitum eſt, debet habere Sermonis Feſtivitatem, Animorum Diſſimilitudinem, Gravitatem, Lenitatem, Spem, Metum, Suſpicionem, Deſiderium, Diſſimulationem, Miſericordiam, Rerum Varietates, Fortunæ Commutationem, Inſperatum Incommodum, Subitam Lætitiam, Jucundum Exitum Rerum. Cic. Rhetor. ad Herenn. Lib. 1.

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M.DCC.XXXV.

TO THE

KING.

May it please your Majesty,

AFTER having aspir'd to the Highest and most Laudable Ambition, that of following the Cause of Liberty, I should not have humbly petition'd Your Majesty for a Direction of the Theatre, had I not believ'd Success in that Province an Happiness much to be wish'd by an Honest Man, and highly conducing to the Prosperity of the Commonwealth. It is in this View I lay before Your Majesty a Comedy, which the Audience, in Justice to themselves, has supported and encouraged, and is the Prelude of what, by Your Majesty's Influence and Favour, may be attempted in future Representations.

The Imperial Mantle, the Royal Vestment, and the shining Diadem are what strike ordinary Minds, But Your Majesty's Native Goodness, Your Passion for Justice, and her constant Assessor Mercy, is what continually surrounds You, in the View of intelligent Spirits and gives Hopes to the Suppliant, who sees She has more than succeeded in giving Your Majesty an Opportunity of doing Good. Our King is above the Greatness of Royalty, and every Act of his Will which makes another Man happy, has ten times more Charms in it, than one that makes himself appear rais'd above the

Condition of others; but even this carries Unhappiness with it; for Calm Dominion, Equal Grandeur and Familiar Greatness, do not easily affect the Imagination of the Vulgar, who cannot see Power but in Terror; and and as Fear moves mean Spirits, and Love prompts Great ones to obey, the Insinuations of Malecontents are directed accordingly; and the unhappy People are insnar'd from Want of Reflection, into Disrespectful Ideas of their Gracious and Amiable Sovereign; and then only begin to apprehend the Greatness of their Master, when they have incurr'd his Displeasure.

As Your Majesty was invited to the Throne of a Willing People, for their own sakes, and has ever enjoy'd it with Contempt of the Ostentation of it, we beseech You to Protect us, who revere Your Title as we love your Person. Tis to be a Savage to be a Rebel, and they who have fall'n from You have not so much forfeited their Allegiance, as lost their Humanity. And therefore, if it were only to preserve myself from the Imputation of being amongst the Insensible and Abandon'd, I would beg Permission in the most publick manner possible to profess myself, with the utmost Sincerity and Zeal,

SIRE,

Your MAJESTY's

Most Devoted Subject

and Servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

PROLOGUE,

By Mr. WELSTED.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

TO win your Hearts, and to ſecure your Praiſe,
The Comic-Writers ſtrive by various ways:
By ſubtle Stratagems they act their Game,
And leave untry'd no Avenue to Fame.
One writes the Spouſe a beating from his Wife;
And ſays, each Stroke was copy'd from the Life.
Some fix all Wit and Humour in Grimace,
And make a Livelihood of Pinkey's Face:
Here, One gay Show and coſtly Habit tries,
Confiding to the Judgment of your Eyes:
Another ſmuts his Scene (a cunning Shaver)
Sure of the Rakes and of the Wenches Favour.
Oft have theſe Arts prevail'd; and one may gueſs,
If practis'd o'er again, would find Succeſs.
But the bold Sage, the Poet of To-night,
By new and deſp'rate Rules reſolv'd to Write;
Fain would he give more juſt Applauſes Riſe,
And pleaſe by Wit that ſcorns the Aids of Vice;
The Praiſe he ſeeks, from worthier Motives ſprings,
Such Praiſe, as Praiſe, to thoſe that give, it brings.
Your Aid, moſt humbly ſought, then Britons lend,
And Lib'ral Mirth, like Lib'ral Men, defend:
No more let Ribaldry, with Licence writ,
Uſurp the Name of Eloquence or Wit;
No more let lawleſs Farce uncenſur'd go,
The lewd dull Gleanings of a Smithfield Show.
'Tis yours, with Breeding to refine the Age,
To Chaſten Wit, and Moralize the Stage.
Ye Modeſt, Wiſe and Good, ye Fair, ye Brave,
To-night the Champion of your Virtues ſave,
Redeem from long Contempt the Comic Name,
And Judge Politely for your Country's Fame.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sir John Bevil,	*Mr.* Mills.
Mr. Sealand,	*Mr.* Williams.
Bevil *jun. in Love with* Indiana,	*Mr.* Booth.
Myrtle *in Love with* Lucinda,	*Mr.* Wilks.
Cimberton, *a Coxcomb,*	*Mr.* Griffin.
Humphry, *an old Servant to* Sir John,	*Mr.* Shepard.
Tom, *Servant to* Bevil *jun.*	*Mr.* Cibber.
Daniel, *a Country Boy, ſervant to* Indiana,	*Mr.* Theo. Cibber.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Sealand, *ſecond Wife to* Sealand,	*Mrs.* Moore.
Iſabella, *Siſter to* Sealand,	*Mrs.* Thurmond.
Indiana, Sealand's *Daughter by his firſt Wife.*	*Mrs.* Oldfield.
Lucinda, Sealand's *Daughter by his ſecond Wife.*	*Mrs.* Booth.
Phillis, *Maid to* Lucinda,	*Mrs.* Younger.

SCENE, LONDON.

THE

THE
Conſcious Lovers.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, Sir *John Bevil*'s *Houſe*.

Enter Sir John Bevil, *and* Humphrey.

Sir JOHN BEVIL.

HAVE you order'd that I ſhould not be interrupted while I am dreſſing?

Hump. Yes, Sir: I believ'd you had ſomething of Moment to ſay to me.

Sir *J. Bev.* Let me ſee, *Humphry*; I think it is now forty Years ſince I firſt took thee, to be about myſelf.

Humph. I thank you, Sir, it has been an eaſy forty Years; and I have paſs'd 'em without much Sickneſs, Care, or Labour

Sir *J. Bev.* Thou haſt a brave Conſtitution; you are Year or two older than I am, Sirrah.

Humph. You have ever been of that mind, Sir.

Sir

Sir J. Bevil. You Knave, you know it: I took thee for thy Gravity and Sobriety, in my wild Years.

Humph. Ah Sir! our Manners were formed from our different Fortunes, not our different Age. Wealth gave a Loose to your Youth, and Poverty put a Restraint upon mine.

Sir J. Bevil. Well, *Humphrey*, you know I have been a kind Master to you; I have us'd you, for the ingenuous Nature I observ'd in you from the beginning, more like an humble Friend than a Servant.

Humph. I humbly beg you'll be so tender of me, as to explain your Commands, Sir, without any farther Preparation.

Sir J. Bevil. I'll tell thee then. In the first place, this Wedding of my Son's, in all probability, [shut the Door] will never be at all.

Humph How, Sir! not at all? for what reason is it carried on in Appearance?

Sir J. Bev. Honest *Humphrey*, have patience; and I'll tell thee all in Order. I have myself, in some part of my Life, liv'd (indeed) with Freedom, but, I hope, without Reproach: Now, I thought Liberty wou'd be as little injurious to my Son; therefore, as soon as he grew towards Man, I indulg'd him in living after his own manner: I knew not how, otherwise to judge of his Inclination; for what can be concluded from a Behaviour under Restraint and Fear? But what charms me above all Expression is, that my Son has never, in the least Action, the most distant Hint or Word, valued himself upon that great Estate of his Mother's, which, according to our Marriage Settlement, he has had ever since he came to Age.

Humph. No, Sir; on the contrary, he seems afraid of appearing to enjoy it before you, or any belonging to you—He is as dependant and resign'd to your Will, as if he had not a farthing but what must come from your immediate Bounty—You have ever acted like a good and generous Father, and he like an obedient and grateful Son.

Sir J. Bev. Nay, his Carriage is so easy to all with whom he converses, that he is never assuming, never prefers

prefers himself to others, nor is ever guilty of that rough Sincerity which a Man is not called to, and commonly disobliges most of his Acquaintance; to be short, [illegible] his Reputation was so fair in the World, that [illegible] the great *India* Merchant, has offer'd his only Daughter, and sole Heiress to that vast Estate of his, as a Wife for him; you may be sure I, made no Difficulties, the Match was agreed on, and this very Day nam'd for the Wedding.

Humph. What hinders the Proceeding?

Sir J. Bev. Don't interrupt me. You know I was last *Thursday* at the Masquerade; my Son, you may remember, soon found us out——He knew his Grandfather's Habit, which I then wore; and tho' it was the Mode, in the last Age, yet the Maskers, you know, follow'd us as if we had been the most monstrous Figures in that whole Assembly.

Humph. I remember indeed a young Man of Quality in the Habit of a Clown, that was particularly troublesome.

Sir J. Bev. Right——He was too much what he seem'd to be. You remember how impertinently he follow'd, and teiz'd us, and wou'd know who we were.

Humph. I know he has a mind to come into that particular. [*Aside.*

Sir J. Bev. Ay, he follow'd us, till the Gentleman who led the Lady in the *Indian* Mantle presented that gay Creature to the Ruffick, and bid him (like *Cymon* in the Fable) grow polite, by falling in Love, and let that worthy old Gentleman alone, meaning me: The Clown was not reform'd, but rudely persisted, and offered to force off my Mask; with that the Gentleman throwing off his own, appeared to be my Son, and in his Concern for me, tore off that of the Nobleman; at this they seized each other; the Company called the Guards; and in the Surprize, the Lady swooned away: Upon which my Son quitted his Adversary, and had now no Care but of the Lady——when raising her in his Arms, Art thou gone, cry'd he, for ever—forbid it, Heav'n!——She revives at his known Voice——and with the most familiar, tho' modest Gesture, hangs in

Safety over his Shoulder weeping; but wept as in the Arms of one before whom she could give herself a Loose, were she not under Observation: while she hides her Face in his Neck, he carefully conveys her from the Company.

Humph. I have observed this Accident has dwelt upon you very strongly.

Sir J. Bev. Her uncommon Air, her noble Modesty, the Dignity of her Person, and the Occasion itself, drew the whole Assembly together; and I soon heard it buzz'd about, she was the adopted Daughter of a famous Sea-Officer who had served in *France*. Now this unexpected and publick Discovery of my Son's so deep Concern for her——

Humph. Was what, I suppose, alarm'd Mr. *Sealand*, in behalf of his Daughter, to break off the Match.

Sir J. Bev. You are right—He came to me Yesterday, and said, he thought himself disengaged from the Bargain; being credibly inform'd, my Son was already marry'd, or worse, to the Lady at the Masquerade. I palliated Matters, and insisted on our Agreement; but we parted with little less than a direct Breach between us.

Humph. Well, Sir; and what notice have you taken of all this to my young Master?

Sir J. Bev. That's what I wanted to debate with you ——I have said nothing to him yet——But look you, *Humphrey*——if there is so much in this Amour of his, that he denies upon my Summons to marry, I have cause enough to be offended; and then by my insisting upon his marrying to-day, I shall know how far he is engaged to this Lady in Masquerade, and from thence only shall be able to take my Measures; in the mean time, I would have you find out how far that Rogue his Man is let into his Secret——He, I know, will play Tricks, as much to cross me, as to serve his Master.

Humph. Why do you think so of him, Sir? I believe he is no worse than I was for you, at your Son's Age.

Sir

Sir J. Bev. I see it in the Rascal's Looks. But I have dwelt on these things too long; I'll go to my Son immediately, and while I'm gone, your Part is to convince his Rogue *Tom* that I am in ea nest. I'll leave him to you. [*Exit Sir* John Bevil.

Humph. Well, tho' this Father and Son live as well together as possible, yet their Fear of giving each other Pain, is attended with constant mutual Uneasiness. I'm sure I have enough to do to be honest, and yet keep well with them both; But they know I love 'em, and that makes the Task less painful however——— Oh, here's the Prince of poor Coxcombs, the Representative of all the better fed than taught——— Ho! ho! *Tom*, whither so gay and so airy this Morning?

Enter Tom, *Singing.*

Tom. Sir, we Servants of single Gentlemen, are another kind of People than you domestick ordinary Drudges that do Business; We are rais'd above you: The Pleasures of Board-Wages, Tavern Dinners, and many a clear Gain; Vails, alas! you never heard or dreamt of.

Humph. Thou hast Follies and Vices enough for a Man of Ten thousand a Year, tho' 'tis but as t'other Day that I sent for you to Town, to put you into Mr. *Sealand*'s Family, that you might learn a little before I put you to my young Master, who is too gentle for training such a rude thing as you were into proper Obedience—You then pull'd off your Hat to every one you met in the Street, like a bashful great awkward Cub as you were. But your great Oaken Cudgel when you were a Booby, became you much better than that dangling Stick at your Button now you are a Fop. That's fit for nothing except it hangs there to be ready for your Master's Hand when you are impertinent.

Tom. Uncle *Humphrey*, you know my Master scorns to strike his Servants. You talk as if the World was now, just as it was when my old Master and you were in your Youth——when you went to dinner because

cauſe it was ſo much a Clock; when the great Blow was given in the Hall at the Pantrey-door, and all the Family came out of their Holes in ſuch ſtrange Dreſſes and formal Faces as you ſee in the Pictures in our long Gallery in the Country.

Humph. Why, you wild Rogue!

Tom. You could not fall to your Dinner till a formal Fellow in a Black Gown ſaid ſomething over the Meat, as if the Cook had not made it ready enough.

Humph. Sirrah, who do you prate after?——Deſpiſing Men of Sacred Characters! I hope you never heard my good young Maſter talk ſo like a Profligate.

Tom. Sir, I ſay, you put upon me, when I firſt came to Town, about being Orderly, and the Doctrine of wearing Shams to make Linen laſt clean a Fortnight, keeping my Cloaths freſh, and wearing a Frock within Doors.

Humph. Sirrah, I gave you thoſe Leſſons, becauſe I ſuppos'd at that time your Maſter and you might have din'd at home every Day, and coſt you nothing; then you might have made a good Family Servant. But the Gang you have frequented ſince, at Chocolate-Houſes and Taverns, in a continual round of Noiſe and Extravagance——

Tom. I don't know what you heavy Inmates call Noiſe and Extravagance; but we Gentlemen who are well fed, and cut a figure, Sir, think it a fine Life, and that we muſt be very pretty Fellows who are kept only to be look'd at.

Humph. Very well, Sir,——I hope the Faſhion of being lewd and extravagant, deſpiſing of Decency and Order, is almoſt at an End, ſince it is arrived at Perſons of your Quality.

Tom. Maſter *Humphrey*, Ha! ha! you were an unhappy Lad to be ſent up to Town in ſuch queer Days as you were: Why now, Sir, the Lacquies are the Men of Pleaſure of the Age; the Top-Gameſters; and many a lac'd Coat about Town have had their Education in our Party-colour'd Regiment,—— We are falſe Lovers; have a Taſte of Muſick, Poetry, Billet-

Billet-doux, Dreſs, Politicks; ruin Damſels; and when we are weary of this lewd Town, and have a mind to take up, whip into our Maſters Wigs and Linen, and marry Fortunes.

Humph. Hey-day!

Tom. Nay, Sir, our Order is carry'd up to the higheſt Dignities and Diſtinctions; ſtep but into the *Painted Chamber* —— and by our Titles you'd take us all for Men of Quality —— then again come down to the *Court of Requeſt*, and you ſhall ſee us all laying our broken Heads together for the Good of the Nation: And tho' we never carry a Queſtion *Nimmh Contradicente*, yet this I dare ſay with a ſafe Conſcience, (and I wiſh every Gentleman of our Cloth could lay his Hand upon his Heart and ſay the ſame) that I never took ſo much as a ſingle Mug of Beer for my Vote in all my Life.

Humph. Sirrah, there's no enduring your Extravagance; I'll hear you prate no longer. I wanted to ſee you to enquire how things go with your Maſter, as far as you underſtand them; I ſuppoſe he knows he is to be married to-day.

Tom. Ay, Sir, he knows it, and is dreſs'd as gay as the Sun; but between you and I m y Dear, he has a very heavy Heart under all that Gaiety. As ſoon as he was dreſs'd I retir'd, but overheard him Sigh in the moſt heavy manner. He walk'd thoughtfully to and fro in the Room, then went into his Cloſet; when he came out, he gave me this for his Miſtreſs, whoſe Maid you know——

Humph. Is paſſionately fond of your fine Perſon.

Tom. The poor Fool is ſo tender, and loves to hear me talk of the World, and the Plays, Operas, and *Ridotto's*, for the Winter; the Parks and *Bellſize*, for our Summer Diverſions; and Lard! ſays ſhe, you are ſo wild—but you have a world of Humour.——

Humph. Coxcomb! Well, but why don't you run with your Maſter's Letter's to Mrs. *Lucinda*, as he order'd you?

Tom. Becauſe Mrs. *Lucinda*, is not ſo eaſily come at as you think for.

Humph. Not eaſily come at? Why Sirrah, are not her Father and my Old Maſter agreed that ſhe and and Mr. *Bevil* are to be one Fleſh before to-morrow Morning?

Tom. It's no Matter for that; her Mother, it ſeems, Mrs. *Sealand*, has not agreed to it; And you muſt know, Mr. *Humphrey*, that in that Family the Grey Mare is the better Horſe.

Humph. What doſt thou mean?

Tom. In one Word, Mrs. *Sealand* pretends to have a Will of her own. And has provided a Relation of hers, a ſtiff, ſtarch'd Philoſopher, and a wiſe Fool for her Daughter; for which Reaſon for theſe ten Days paſt, ſhe has ſuffer'd no Meſſage nor Letter from my Maſter to come near her.

Humph. And where had you this Intelligence?

Tom. From a fooliſh fond Soul that can keep nothing from me—One that will deliver this Letter too, if ſhe is rightly manag'd.

Humph. What! her pretty Hand-maid, Mrs. *Phillis?*

Tom. Even ſhe, Sir; this is the very Hour, you know, ſhe uſually comes hither, under a pretence of a Viſit to your Houſe-keeper forſooth, but in reality to have a Glance at——

Humph. Your Sweet Face, I warrant you.

Tom. Nothing elſe in Nature; you muſt know, I love to fret, and play with the little Wanton.——

Humph. Play with the little Wanton! What will this World come to?

Tom. I met her this Morning, in a new Manteau and Petticoat, not a bit the worſe for her Lady's wearing: And ſhe has always new Thaughts and new Airs with new-Clothes ——— then ſhe never fails to ſteal ſome Glance or Geſture from every Viſitant at their Houſe; and is indeed the whole Town of Coquets at ſecond hand. But here ſhe comes; in one Motion ſhe ſpeaks and deſcribes herſelf better than all the Words in the World can.

Humph. Then I hope, dear Sir, when your own Affair is over, you will be ſo good as to mind your Maſter's with her.

Tom.

Tom. Dear *Humphrey*, you know my Master is my Friend, and those are People I never forget——

Humph. Sanctiness itself! but I'll leave you to do your best for him. [*Exit.*

Enter Phillis.

Phil. Oh, Mr. *Thomas*, is Mrs. *Sago* at home? —Lard, one is almost asham'd to pass along the Streets The Town is quite empty, and no body of Fashion left in it; and the ordinary People do dare to see any thing (dress'd like a Woman of Condition) as it were on the same Floor with them pass by. Alas! Alass! it is a sad thing to walk. O Fortune! Fortune!

Tom. What! a sad thing to walk! Why, Madam *Phillis*, do you wish yourself lame?

Phil. No, Mr. *Tom.* but I wish I were generally carry'd in a Coach or Chair, and of Fortune neither to stand nor go, but to totter, or slide, to be short-sighted, or stare, to sleer in the Face, to look distant, to observe, to overlook, yet all become me; and, if I was rich, I could twirl and loll as well as the best of them. Oh *Tom! Tom!* is it not a pity that you should be so great a Coxcomb, and I so great a Coquet, and yet be such poor Devils as we are?

Tom. Mrs. *Phillis*, I am your humble Servant for that——

Phil. Yes Mr. *Thomas*, I know how much you are my humble Servant, and know what you said to Mrs. *Judy*, upon seeing her in one of her Lady's Cast Manteaus; That any one would have Thought her the Lady, and that she had ordered the other to wear it till it sat easy---for now only it was becoming:---To my Lady it was only a Covering, to Mrs. *Judy* it was a Habit. This you said, after some Body or other. Oh, *Tom! Tom!* thou art as false and as base, as the best Gentleman of them all: But, you Wretch, talk to me no more on the old odious Subject. Don't, I say.

Tom. I know not how to resist your Commands, Madam. [*In a submissive Tone, retiring.*

Phil. Commands about Parting are grown mighty easy to you of late.

Tom.

Tom. O, I have her; I have nettled her and put her into the right Temper to be wrought upon, and ſet a prating. [*Aſide.*]—Why truly to be plain with you, Mrs. *Phillis*, I can take little Comfort of late in frequenting your Houſe.

Phil. Pray Mr. *Thomas*, what is it all of a ſudden offends your Nicety at our Houſe?

Tom. I don't care to ſpeak Particulars, but I diſlike the Whole.

Phil. I thank you, Sir, I am a Part of that Whole.

Tom. Miſtake me not, good *Phillis*.

Phil. Good *Phillis*! Saucy enough. But however—

Tom. I ſay, it is that thou art a Part, which gives me Pain for the Diſpoſition of the Whole. You muſt know, Madam, to be ſerious, I am a Man, at the Bottom, of prodigious nice Honour. You are too much expos'd to Company at your Houſe: To be plain, I don't like ſo many, that would be your Miſtreſſes Lovers, whiſpering to you.

Phil. Don't think to put that upon me. You ſay this, becauſe I wrung you to the Heart, when I touch'd your guilty Conſcience about *Judy*.

Tom. Ah *Phillis*! *Phillis*! if you but knew my Heart!

Phil. I know two much on't.

Tom. Nay, then, poor *Criſpe*'s Fate and mine are one---Therefore give me Leave to ſay or, ſing at leaſt, as he does upon the ſame Occaſion——

Se vedette, &c. [*Sings.*]

Phil. What, do you think I'm to be fobb'd off with a Song? I don't queſtion but you have ſung the ſame to Mrs. *Judy* too.

Tom. Don't diſparage your Charms, good *Phillis*, with Jealouſy of ſo worthleſs an Object; beſides, ſhe is a poor Huſſy, and if you doubt the Sincerity of my Love, you will allow me true to my Intereſt You are a Fortune, *Phillis*——

Phil. What would the Fop be at now? In good time indeed, you ſhall be ſetting up for a Fortune!

Tom. Dear Mrs. *Phillis* you have ſuch a Spirit that we ſhall never be dull in Marriage, when we come together.

But

But I tell you, you are a Fortune, and you have an Eſtate in my Hands. [*He pulls out a Purſe, ſhe eyes it.*

Phil. What Pretence have I to what is in your Hands, Mr. *Tom*?

Tom. As thus: There are Hours, you know, when a Lady is neither pleas'd or diſpleas'd, neither ſick or well; when ſhe lolls or loiters; when ſhe's without Deſires from having more of every thing than ſhe knows what to do with.

Phil. Well, what then?

Tom. When ſhe has not Life enough to keep her bright Eyes quite open to look at her own dear Image in the Glaſs.

Phil. Explain thyſelf, and don't be ſo fond of thy own prating.

Tom. There are alſo proſperous and good natur'd Moments, as when a Knot or a Patch is happily fix'd; when the Complexion particularly flouriſhes.

Phil. Well, what then? I have not Patience!

Tom. Whythen—or on the like Occaſions—we Servants who have Skill to know how to time Buſineſs, ſee when ſuch a pretty folded thing as this [*ſhews a Letter*] may be preſented, laid or dropp'd, as beſt ſuits the preſent Humour. And, Madam, becauſe it is a long weariſom Journey to run through all the ſeveral Stages of a Lady's Temper, my Maſter, who is the moſt reaſonable Man in the World, preſents you this to bear your charges on the Road.

[*Gives her the Purſe.*

Phil. Now you think me a corrupt Huſſy.

Tom. Oh fy! I only think you'll take the Letter.

Phil. Nay, I know you do, but I know my own Innocence; I take it for my Miſtreſs's Sake.

Tom. I know it, my pretty One, I know it.

Phil. Yes, I ſay I do it becauſe I would not have my Miſtreſs deluded by one who gives no Proof of his Paſſion: but I'll talk more of this, as you ſee me on my Way home ——————No, *Tom*, I aſſure thee, I take this Traſh of thy Maſter's not for the Value of the thing, but as it convinces me he has a true Reſpect

ſpect for my Miſtreſs. I remember a Verſe to the Purpoſe.

They may be falſe who languiſh and complain,
But they who part with Money never feign. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II,

Bevil *junior*'s *Lodgings.*

Bevil *junior Reading.*

Bev. jun. Theſe Moral Writers practiſe Virtue after Death: This charming Viſion of *Mirza!* ſuch an Author conſulted in a Morning, ſets the Spirit for the Viciſſitudes of the Day, better than the Glaſs does a Man's Perſon: But what a Day have I to go thro'! to put on an Eaſy Look with an aching Heart — If this Lady my Father urges me to marry ſhould not refuſe me, my Dilemma is unſupportable. But why ſhould I fear it? Is not ſhe in equal Diſtreſs with me? has not the Letter, I have ſent her this Morning, confeſt my Inclination to another? Nay, have I not moral aſſurances of her Engagements too to my Friend *Myrtle?* It's impoſſible but ſhe muſt give in to it: For, ſure, to be deny'd is a Favour any Man may pretend to. It muſt be ſo---Well then, with the Aſſurance of being rejected, I think I may confidently ſay to my Father, I am ready to marry her ----Then let me reſolve upon (what I am not very good at, tho' it is) an honeſt Diſſimulation.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Sir *John Bevil*, Sir is in the next Room.

Bev. jun. Dunce! Why did you not bring him in?

Tom. I told him, Sir, you were in your Cloſet.

Bev. jun. I thought you had known, Sir, it was my Duty to ſee my Father any where.

[*Going himſelf to the Door.*

Tom. The Devil's in my Maſter! he has always more Wit than I have. [*Aſide.*

Bevil *jun. introducing Sir* John.

Bev. jun. Sir, you are the moſt gallant, the moſt com

complaisant of all Parents---Sure 'tis not a Compliment to say these Lodgings are yours ——— Why wou'd you not walk in, Sir?

Sir J. Bev. I was loth to interrupt you unseasonably on your Wedding day.

Bev. jun. One to whom I am beholden for my Birth-day, might have used less Ceremony.

Sir J. Bev. Well Son I have Intelligence you have writ to your Mistress this Morning: It would please my Curiosity to know the Contents of a Wedding-day Letter; for Courtship must then be over.

Bev. jun. I assure you, Sir, there was no Insolence in it, upon the Prospect of such a vast Fortune's being added to our Family; but much Acknowledgment of the Lady's greater Desert.

Sir J. Bev. But dear *Jack*, are you in earnest in all this! And will you really marry her?

Bev. jun. Did I ever disobey any Command of yours, Sir? nay, any Inclination that I saw you bent upon?

Sir J. Bev. Why, I can't say you have, Son; but methinks in this whole Business, you have not been so warm as I could have wish'd you. You have visited her, 'tis true, but you have not been particular. Every one knows you can say and do as handsome Things as any Man; but you have done nothing, but liv'd in the Generals; been complaisant only.

Bev. jun. As I am ever prepar'd to marry if you bid me, so I am ready to let it alone if you will have me.

[Humphrey *enters unobserv'd.*

Sir J. Bev. Look you there now! why, what am I to think of this so absolute and so Indifferent a Resignation?

Bev. jun. Think? that I am still your Son, Sir.--Sir, ——you have been married, and I have not. And you have, Sir, found the Inconvenience there is, when a Man weds with too much Love in his Head. I have been told, Sir, that at the Time you married, you made a mighty Bustle on the Occasion. There was challenging and fighting, scaling Walls———locking up the Lady———and the Gallant under an Arrest for

for fear of killing all his Rivals——Now Sir, I suppose you having found the ill Consequence of these strong Passions and Prejudices, in preferance of one Woman to another, in Case of a Man's becoming a Widower——

Sir J. Bev. How is this?

Bev. jun. I say, Sir, Experience has made you wiser in your Care of me——for, Sir, since you lost my dear Mother, your Time has been so heavy, so lonely, and so tasteless, that you are so good as to guard me against the like Unhappiness, by marrying me prudentially by way of Bargain and Sale. For as you well judge, a Woman that is espous'd for a Fortune, is yet a better Bargin, if she dies; for then a Man still enjoys what he did marry, the Mony; and is disincumber'd of what he did not marry, the Woman.

Sir J. Bev. But pray, Sir, do you think *Lucinda* then a Woman of such little Merit?

Bev. jun. Pardon me, Sir, I don't carry it so far neither; I am rather afraid I shall like her too well? he has, for one of her Fortune, a great many needless and superfluous good Qualities.

Sir J. Bev. I am afraid, Son, there's something I don't see yet, something that's smother'd under all this Raillery.

Bev. jun. Not in the least, Sir: If the Lady is dress'd and ready you see I am. I suppose the Lawyers are ready too.

Humph. This may grow warm, if I don't interpose. [*Aside.*

Sir, Mr. *Sealand* is at the Coffee-House, and has sent to speak with you.

Sir J. Bev. Oh! that's well! Then I warrant the Lawyers are ready. Son, you'll be in the Way, you say——

Bev. jun. If you please, Sir, I'll take a Chair, and go to Mr *Sealand*'s, where the young Lady and I will wait your Leisure.

Sir J. Bev. By no means——The Old Fellow will be so vain, if he sees——

Bev.

Bev. jun. Ay——But the young Lady, Sir, will think me ſo indifferent——

Humph. Ay——there you are right——preſs your Readineſs to go to the Bride——he won't let you. [*Aſide to* Bevil jun.

Bev. jun. Are you ſure of that? [*Aſide to* Humph.

Humph. How he likes being prevented. [*Aſide.*

Sir J. Bev. No, no: You are an Hour or two too early. [*Looking on his Watch.*

Bev. jun. You'll allow me, Sir, to think it too late to viſit a beautiful, virtuous young Woman, in the Pride and Bloom of Life, ready to give herſelf to my Arms: and to place her Happineſs or Miſery, for the future, in being agreeable or diſpleaſing to me, is a——Call a Chair.

Sir J. Bev. No, no, no, dear *Jack*; this *Sealand* is a moody old Fellow: There's no dealing with ſome People, but by managing with Indifference. We muſt leave to him the Conduct of this Day. It is the laſt of his commanding his Daughter.

Bev. jun. Sir, he can't take it ill, and I am impatient to be hers.

Sir. J. Bev. Pray let me govern in this Matter: you can't tell how humourſome old Fellows are:——There's no offering Reaſon to ſome of 'em, eſpecially when they are Rich——If my Son ſhould ſee him, before I've brought old *Sealand* into better Temper, the Match would be impracticable. [*Aſide.*

Humph. Pray, Sir, let me beg you to let Mr. *Bevil* go.——See whether he will or not. *Aſide to Sir* John.] ——[*Then to* Bev.] Pray, Sir command yourſelf; ſince you ſee my Maſter is poſitive, it is better you ſhould not go.

Bev. jun. My Father commands me, as to the Object of my Affections; but I hope he will not, as to the Warmth and Height of them.

Sir. J. Bev. So! I muſt even leave things as I found them: And in the mean time, at leaſt, keep Old *Sealand* out of his ſight.——Well, Son, I'll go myſelf and take Orders in your Affair——You'll be in the way, I ſuppoſe, if I ſend to you——I'll leave

your old Friend with you——*Humphry*——don't let him ſtir, d'ye hear: Your Servant your Servant.

[*Exit Sir* John.

Humph. I have a ſad time on't, Sir, between you and my Maſter—I ſee you are unwilling, and I know his violent Inclination for the Match——I muſt betray neither, and yet deceive you both, for your common Good——Heav'n grant a good End of this matter; But there is a Lady, Sir, that gives your Father much Trouble and Sorrow——You'll pardon me.

Bev. jun. Humphrey, I know thou art a Friend to both; and in that Confidence, I dare tell thee——That Lady——is a Woman of Honour and Virtue. You may aſſure yourſelf, I never will marry without my Father's Conſent: But give me leave to ſay too, this Declaration does not come up to a Promiſe, that I will take whomſoever he pleaſes.

Humph. Come, Sir, I wholly underſtand you: You would engage my Services to free you from this Woman, whom my Maſter intends you, to make way, in time, for the Woman you have really a mind to.

Bev. jun. Honeſt *Humphrey*, you have always been an uſeful Friend to my Father, and myſelf; I beg You, continue your good Offices, and don't let us come to the Neceſſity of a Diſpute; for if we ſhould diſpute, I muſt either part with more than Life, or loſe the beſt of Fathers.

Humph. My dear Maſter, were I but worthy to know this Secret that ſo near concerns you, my Life, my All ſhould be engag'd to ſerve you. This, Sir, I dare promiſe, that I am ſure I will, and can be ſecret: your Truſt, at worſt, but leaves you where you were; and if I cannot ſerve you, I will at once be plain, and tell you ſo.

Bev. jun. That's all I aſk: Thou haſt made it now my Intereſt to truſt thee——Be patient then, and hear the Story of my Heart.

Humph. I am all Attention, Sir.

Bev. jun. You may remember, *Humphrey*, that in my laſt Travels, my Father grew uneaſy at my making ſo long a Stay at *Toulon*.

Humph.

Humph. I remember it; he was apprehenſive ſome Woman had lain hold of you.

Bev. jun. His Fears were juſt; for there I firſt ſaw this Lady: She is of *Engliſh* Birth: Her Father's Name was *Danvers*, a Younger Brother of an Ancient Family, and originally an Eminent Merchant of *Briſtol*, who, upon repeated Misfortunes, was reduced to go privately to the *Indies*. In this Retreat, Providence again grew favourable to his Induſtry, and, in ſix Years time, reſtored him to his former Fortunes: On this he ſent Directions over, that his Wife and little Family ſhould follow him to the *Indies*. His Wife, impatient to obey ſuch welcome Orders, would not wait the leiſure of a Convoy, but took the firſt occaſion of a ſingle Ship, and with her Huſband's Siſter only, and this Daughter, then ſcarce ſeven Years old, undertook the fatal Voyage: For here, poor Creature, ſhe loſt her Liberty, and Life; ſhe, and her Family, with all they had, were unfortunately taken by a Privateer from *Toulon*. Being thus made a Priſoner, though, as ſuch, not ill treated, yet the Fright, the Shock, and cruel Diſappointment, ſeiz'd with ſuch Violence upon her unhealthy Frame, ſhe ſicken'd, pined and died at Sea.

Humph. Poor Soul! O the helpleſs Infant!

Bev. Her Siſter yet ſurviv'd, and had the Care of her: The Captain too proved to have Humanity, and became a Father to her; for having himſelf married an *Engliſh* Woman, and being Childleſs, he brought home into *Toulon* this her little Country-woman; preſenting her, with all her dead Mother's Moveables of Value to his Wife, to be educated as his own adopted Daughter.

Humph. Fortune here ſeem'd, again, to ſmile on her.

Bev. Only to make her Frowns more terrible: For, in his Height of Fortune, this Captain too, her Benefactor, unfortunately was kill'd at Sea, and dying inteſtate, his Eſtate fell wholly to an Advocate his Brother, who coming ſoon to take Poſſeſſion, there found (among his other Riches) this blooming Virgin, at his Mercy.

Humph. He durſt not ſure abuſe his Power!

Bev. No wonder, if his pamper'd Blood was fired at the Sight of her——in short: he lov'd: but when all Arts and gentle Means had fail'd to move, he offer'd too his Menaces in vain, denouncing Vengeance on her Cruelty; demanding her to account for all her Maintenance, from her Childhood; seiz'd on her little Fortune as his own Inheritance, and was dragging her by Violence to Prison; when Providence at the Instant interpos'd, and sent me, by Miracle, to relieve her.

Humph. 'Twas Providence indeed; But pray, Sir, after all this Trouble, how came this Lady at last to *England?*

Bev. jun. The disappointed Advocate, finding she had so unexpected a Support, on cooler Thoughts, descended to a Composition; which I, without her Knowledge, secretly discharg'd.

Humph. That generous concealment made the Obligation double.

Bev. jun. Having thus obtain'd her Liberty, I prevail'd, not without some Difficulty, to see her safe to *England*: where no sooner arriv'd, but my Father, jealous of my being imprudently engaged, immediately proposed this other fatal Match that hangs upon my Quiet.

Humph. I find, Sir, you are irrecoverably fix'd upon this Lady.

Bev. jun. As my vital Life dwells in my Heart——and yet you see—what I do to please my Father: Walk in this Pageantry of Dress, this splendid Covering of Sorrow——But, *Humphrey*, you have your Lesson.

Humph. Now, Sir, I have but one material Question ——

Bev. jun. Ask it freely.

Humph. Is it, then, your own Passion for this secret Lady, or hers for you, that gives you this Aversion to the Match your Father has proposed you?

Bev. jun. I shall appear, *Humphery*, more Romantick in my Answer, than in all the rest of my Story: For tho' I dote on her to Death, and have no little Reason to believe she has the same Thoughts for me; yet in all my Acquaintance, and utmost Privacies with her, I never once directly told her, that I loved.

Humph.

Humph. How was it poſſible a to void it?

Bev. jun. My tender Obligations to my Father have laid ſo inviolable a Reſtraint upon my Conduct, that till I have his Conſent to ſpeak, I am determin'd, on that Subject, to be dumb for ever.——[are

Humph. Well, Sir, to your Praiſe be it ſpoken, you certainly the moſt unfaſhionable Lover in *Great-Britain.*

Enter Tom.

Tom. Sir, Mr. *Myrtle*'s at the next door, and if you are at Leiſure, will be glad to wait on you.

Bev. jun. Whenever he pleaſes——hold, *Tom!* did you receive no Anſwer to my Letter?

Tom. Sir, I was deſir'd to call again; for I was told, her Mother would not let her be out of her Sight; but about an Hour hence, Mrs. *Phillis* ſaid, I ſhould have one.

Bev. jun. Very well.

Humph. Sir, I will take another Opportunity: in the mean time, I only think it proper to tell you, that from a Secret I know, you may appear to your Father as forward as you pleaſe, to marry *Lucinda*, without the leaſt Hazard of its coming to a concluſion——Sir, your moſt obedient Servant.

Bev. jun. Honeſt *Humphrey* continue but my Friend, in this Exigence, and you ſhall always find me yours.

[*Exit* Humph.

I long to hear how my Letter has ſucceeded with *Lucinda*——but I think, it cannot fail: for, at worſt, were it poſſible ſhe could take it ill, her Reſentment of my Indifference may as probably occaſion a Delay, as her taking it right.——Poor *Myrtle*, what Terrors muſt he be in all this while?——Since he knows ſhe is offer'd to me, and refuſed to him, there is no converſing, or taking any Meaſures with him, for his own Service.——But I ought to bear with my Friend, and uſe him as one in Adverſity:

All his Diſquitudes by my own I prove,
The greateſt Griefs, Perplexity in Love. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *Continues.*

Enter Bevil *jun.* *and* Tom.

Tom. SIR, Mr. *Myrtle.*

Bev. jun. Very well.——do you ſtep again, and wait for an Anſwer to my Letter.

Enter Myrtle.

Bev. jun. Well *Charles*, why ſo much Care in thy Countenance? Is there any thing in the World deſerves it? You, who uſed to be ſo Gay, ſo Open, ſo Vacant!

Myrt. I think we have of late chang'd Complexions. You, who us'd to be much the graver Man, are now all Air in your Behaviour——But the Cauſe of my Concern, may, for ought I know, be the ſame Object that gives you all this Satisfaction. In a word, I am told that you are this very Day (and your Dreſs confirms me in it) to be married to *Lucinda*.

Bev. jun. You are not miſinform'd.——Nay, put not on the Terrors of a Rival, 'till you hear me out. I ſhall diſoblige the beſt of Fathers, if I don't ſeem ready to marry *Lucinda*: And you know, I have ever told you, you might make uſe of my ſecret Reſolution, never to marry her, for your own Service, as you pleaſe. But I am now driven to the extremity of immediately refuſing, or complying, unleſs you help me to eſcape the Match.

Myrt. Eſcape? Sir, neither her Merit nor her Fortune are below your Acceptance.——Eſcaping, do you call it!

Bev. jun. Dear Sir, do you wiſh I ſhould deſire the Match?

Myrt. No——but ſuch is my humourous and ſickly turn of Mind, ſince i has been able to reliſh nothing

but

but *Lucinda*, that tho' I muſt owe my Happineſs to your Averſion to this Marriage, I can't bear to hear her ſpoken of with Levity or Unconcern.

Bev. jun. Pardon me, Sir; I ſhall tranſgreſs that way no more. She has Underſtanding, Beauty, Shape, Complexion, Wit———

Myrt. Nay, Dear *Bevil*, don't ſpeak of her as if you lov'd her, neither.

Bev jun. Why then, to give you eaſe at once, tho' I allow *Lucinda* to have good Senſe, Wit Beauty and Virtue, I know another, in whom theſe Qualities appear to me more amiable than in her.

Myrt. There you ſpoke like a reaſonable and good-natur'd Friend. When you acknowledge her Merit, and own your Prepoſſeſſion for another, at once, you gratify my Fondneſs, and cure my Jealouſy.

Bev. jun. But all this while you take no notice, you have no Apprehenſion of another Man, that has twice the Fortune of either of us.

Myrt. Cimberton! Hang him, a Formal, Philoſophical, Pedantick Coxcomb——For the Sot, with all theſe crude notions of diverſe things, under the direction of great Vanity, and very little Judgment ſhews his ſtrongeſt Bias is Avarice; which is ſo predominant in him, that he will examine the Limbs of his Miſtreſs with the Caution of a Jockey, and pays no more Compliment to her perſonal Charms, than if ſhe were a meer breeding Animal.

Bev. jun. Are you ſure that is not affected? I have known ſome Women ſooner ſet on fire by that ſort of Negligence, than by———

Myrt. No, no; hang him, the Rogue has no Art, it is pure ſimple Inſolence and Stupidity.

Bev. jun. Yet, with all this, I don't take him for a Fool.

Myrt. I own the Man is no Natural; he has a very quick Senſe, tho' very ſlow Underſtanding.——He ſays indeed many things, that want only the circumſtances of Time and Place to be very juſt and agreeable.

Bev. jun. Well, you may be ſure of me, you can diſap-

disappoint him; but my Intelligence says, the Mother has actually sent for the Conveyancer to draw Articles for his Marriage with *Lucinda*; tho' those for mine with her, are, by her Father's Order, ready for signing: but it seems she has not thought fit to consult either him or his Daughter in the matter.

Myrt. Pshaw! A poor troublesom Woman——— Neither *Lucinda* nor her Father will ever be brought to comply with it.—besides, I am sure *Cimberton* can make no Settlement upon her, without the Concurrence of his great Uncle Sir *Geoffry* in the West.

Bev. jun. Well Sir, and I can tell you that's the very Point that is now laid before her Counsel; to know whether a firm Settlement can be made, without his Uncle's actual joining in it.——now pray consider, Sir, when my Affair with *Lucinda* comes, as it soon must to an open Rupture, how are you sure that *Cimberton*'s Fortune may not tempt her Father too, to hear his Proposals?

Myrt. There you are right indeed, that must be provided against—Do you know who are her Counsel?

Bev. jun. Yes, for your Service I have found out that too, they are Serjeant *Bramble* and Old *Target*——— by the way, they are neither of 'em known in the Family; now I was thinking why you might not put a couple of false Counsel upon her, to delay and confound matters a little——besides, it may probably let you into the Bottom of her whole Design against you.

Myrt. As how pray?

Bev. jun. Why can't you slip on a black Wig and a Gown, and be Old *Bramble* yourself?

Myrt. Ha! I don't dislike it——but what shall I do for a Brother in the Cafe?

Bev. jun. What think you of my Fellow, *Tom?* the Rogue's intelligent, and is a good Mimick, all his part will be but to natter heartily, for that's Old *Target*'s Cafe.—Nay, it would be an immoral thing to mock him, were it not that his impertinence is the occasion of its breaking out to that degree———the Conduct of the Scene will chiefly lie upon you.

Bev. jun. I like it of all things; if you'll send *Tom* to my

my Chambers, I will give him full Instructions: This will certainly give me Occasion to raise Difficulties, to puzzle, or confound her Project for a while, at least.

Bev. jun. I'll warrant you Success: so far we are right then: And now, *Charles*, your Apprehension of my marrying her is all you have to get over.

Myrt. Dear *Bevil!* tho' I know you are my Friend yet when I abstract myself from my own Intrest in the thing, I know no Objection she can make to you, or you to her, and therefore hope——

Bev. jun. Dear *Myrtle*, I am as much oblig'd to you for the Cause of your Suspision I am offended at the Effect: But be assured, I am taking measures for your certain Security, and that all things, with regard to me will end in your intire Satisfaction.

Myrt. Well I'll promise you to be as easy and as confident as I can; tho' I cannot but remember that I have more than Life at stake on your fidelity. [*Going.*

Bev. jun. Then depend upon it, you have no Chance against you.

Myrt. Nay, no Ceremony, you know I must be going [*Exit* Myrtle.

Bev. jun. Well! this is another Instance of the Perplexities which arise too, in faithful Friendship: We must often, in this Life, go on in our good Offices, even under the Displeasure of those to whom we do them, in Compassion to their Weaknesses and Mistakes——But all this while poor *Indiana* is tortur'd with the Doubt of me! she has no Support or Comfort, but in my Fidelity, yet sees me daily press'd to Marriage with another! How painful, in such a Crisis, must be every Hour she thinks on me? I'll let her see, at least, my Conduct to her is not chang'd: I'll take this Opportunity to visit her; for tho' the religious Vow, I have made to my Father, restrains me from ever marrying without his Approbation, yet that confines me not from seeing a virtuous Woman, that is the pure Delight of my Eyes, and the guiltless Joy of my Heart: But the best Condition of Human Life is but a gentler Misery.

To hope for perfect Happiness is vain,
And Love has ever its Allays of Pain. [*Exit*

Enter

Enter Iſabella, *and* Indiana *in her own Lodgings.*

Iſab. Yes——I ſay 'tis Artifice, Dear Child; I ſay to thee again and again, 'tis all Skill and Management.

Ind. Will you perſuade me there can be an ill Deſign, in ſupporting me in the Condition of a Woman of Quality? attended, dreſs'd, and lodg'd like one, in my Appearance abroad, and my Furniture at home, every way in the moſt ſumptuous manner, and he that does it has an Artifice, a Deſign in it?

Iſab. Yes, yes.

Ind. And all this without ſo much as explaining to me, that all about me comes from him!

Iſab. Ay, ay——the more for that——that keeps the Title to all you have the more in him!

Ind. The more in Him!——He ſcorns the Thought——

Iſab. Then He——He——He——

Ind. Well, be not ſo eager.——If he is an ill Man, let us look into his Stratagems. Here is another of them. [*Shewing a Letter*] Here's two hundred and fifty Pounds in Bank Notes, with theſe Words, 'To pay 'for the Set of Dreſſing-plate, which will be brought 'home To morrow'——Why dear Aunt, now here's another Piece of Skill for you, which I own I cannot comprehend——and it is with a bleeding Heart I hear you ſay any thing to the Diſadvantage of Mr. *Bevil*. When he is preſent, I look upon him as one to whom I owe my Life, and the Support of it: Then again, as the Man who loves me with Sincerity and Honour When his Eyes are caſt another way, and I dare ſurvey him, my Heart is painfully divided between Shame and Love——Oh! could I tell you——

Iſab. Ah! you need not: I imagine all this for you:

Ind. This is my State of Mind in his Preſence; and when he is abſent, you are ever dinning my Ears with Notions of the Arts of Men: that his hidden Bounty, his reſpectful Conduct, his careful Proviſion for me, after his preſerving me from utmoſt Miſery, are certain Signs he means nothing but to make I know not what of me?

Iſab. Oh! You have a ſweet Opinion of him truly.

Ind. I have, when I am with him, ten thouſand Things,

Things, beſides my Sex's natural Decency and Shame, to ſuppreſs my Heart, that yearns to thank, to praiſe to ſay it loves him: I ſay, thus it is with me while I ſee him; and in his Abſence I am entertain'd with nothing but your Endeavours to tear this amiable Image from my Heart; and in its ſtead to place a baſe Diſſembler, an artful Invader of my Happineſs, my Innocence, my Honour.

Iſab. Ah poor Soul! has not his Plot taken? Don't you die for him? Has not the way he has taken, been the moſt proper with you? Oh! oh! He has Senſe, and has judg'd the thing right.

Ind. Go on then, ſince nothing can anſwer you: ſay what you will of him. Heigh! ho!

Iſab. Heigh! ho! Indeed. It is better to ſay ſo, as you are now, than as many others are. There are among the Deſtroyers of Women, the Gentle, the Generous, the Mild, the Affable, the Humble, who all, ſoon after their Succeſs in their Deſigns, turn to the contrary of thoſe Characters. I will own to you, Mr. *Bevil* carries his Hypocriſy the beſt of any Man living, but ſtill he is a Man, and therefore a Hypocrite. They have uſurp'd an Exemption from Shame, for any Baſeneſs, any Cruelty towards us. They embrace without Love; they make Vows without Conſcience or Obligations; they are Partners, nay, Seducers to the Crime, wherein they pretend to be leſs guilty.

Ind. That's truly obſerv'd. [*Aſide.*] But what's all this to *Bevil?*

Iſab. This is to *Bevil*, and all Mankind. Truſt not thoſe, who will think the worſe of you for your Confidence in them: Serpents, who lie in wait for Doves Won't you be on your Guard againſt thoſe who would betray you? Won't you doubt thoſe who would condemn you for believing 'em? Take it from me: Fair and natural Dealing is to invite Injuries; 'tis bleating to 'ſcape Wolves who wou'd devour you! Such is the World.—and ſuch (ſince the Behaviour of one Man to myſelf) have I believ'd all the reſt of the Sex. [*Aſide.*

Ind. I will not doubt the Truth of *Bevil*, I will not doubt it; He has not ſpoke it by an Organ that is given

given to lying: His Eyes are all that have ever told me that he was mine: I know his Virtue; I know his filial Piety; and ought to truſt his Management with a Father, to whom he has uncommon Obligations. What have I to be concern'd for? my Leſſon is very ſhort If he takes me for ever, my purpoſe of Life is only to pleaſe him. If he leaves me (which Heaven avert) I know he'll do it nobly; and I ſhall have nothing to do but to learn to die, after worſe than Death has happen'd to me.

Iſab. Ay, do, perſiſt in your Credulity! flatter your ſelf that a Man of his Figure and Fortune will make himſelf the Jeſt of the Town, and marry a handſom Beggar for Love.

Ind. The Town! I muſt tell you, Madam, the Fools that laugh at Mr. *Bevil*, will but make themſelves more ridiculous; his Actions are the Reſult of Thinking, and he has Senſe enough to make even Virtue faſhionable.

Iſab. O' my Conſcience he has turn'd her Head.--- Come, come; if he were the honeſt Fool you take him for, why has he kept you here theſe three Weeks, without ſending you to *Briſtol*, in ſearch of your Father, your Family, and your Relations?

Ind. I am convinc'd he ſtill deſigns it; and that nothing keeps him here, but the Neceſſity of not coming to a Breach with his Father, in regard to the Match he has propos'd him: Beſide, has he not writ to *Briſtol*? and had not he Advice that my Father has not been heard of there, almoſt theſe twenty Years?

Iſab. All Sham, meer Evaſion; he is afraid, if he ſhould carry you thither, your honeſt Relations may take you out of his hands, and ſo blow up all his wicked Hopes at once.

Ind. Wicked Hopes! did I ever give him any ſuch?

Iſab. Has he ever given you any honeſt ones? Can you ſay, in your Conſcience, he has ever once offer'd to marry you?

Ind. No! but by his Behaviour I am convinc'd he will offer it, the Moment 'tis in his Power, or conſiſtent with his Honour to make ſuch a Promiſe good to me.

Iſab. His Honour!

Ind.

Ind. I will rely upon it; therefore desire you will not make my Life uneasy by these ungrateful Jealousies of one, to whom I am, and wish to be oblig'd; For from his Integrity alone, I have resolv'd to hope for Happiness.

Isab. Nay, I have done my Duty; if you won't see, at your Peril be it——

Ind. Let it be——This is his Hour of visiting me.

Isab. Oh! to be sure, keep up your Form; don't see him in a Bed-chamber: This is pure Prudence, when she is liable, where-ever he meets her, to be convey'd where'er he pleases. *Apart.*

Ind. All the rest of my Life is but waiting 'till he comes: I live only when I'm with him. [*Exit.*

Isab. Well, go thy ways, thou wilful Innocent! I once had almost had as much Love for a Man, who poorly left me, to marry an Estate——And I am now, against my Will, what can they call an Old Maid——but I will not let the Peevishness of that Condition grow upon me——only keep up the Suspicion of it, to prevent this Creature's being any other than a Virgin, except upon proper Terms. [*Exit*

Re-enter Indiana *speaking to a Servant.*

Ind. Desire Mr. *Bevil* to walk in——Design! impossible! A base designing Mind could never think of what he hourly puts in practice——And yet, since the late Rumour of his Marriage, he seems more reserv'd than formerly——he sends in too, before he sees me, to know if I am at leisure——such new respect may cover Coldness in the Heart——it certainly makes me thoughtful——I'll know the worst at once; I'll lay such fair Occasions in his way, that it shall be impossible to avoid an Explanation——for these Doubts are insupportable!——But see! he comes, and clears them all.

Enter Bevil junior.

Bev. Jun. Madam, your most Obedient——I am afraid I broke in upon your Rest last Night——'twas very late before we parted! but 'twas your own Fault: I never saw you in such an agreeable Humour.

Ind. I am extremely glad we were both pleas'd; for I thought I never saw better Company.

Bev. jun. Me, Madam! you rally; I said very little.

Ind. But, I am afraid, you heard me say a great deal; and when a Woman is in the talking Vein, the most agreeable thing a Man can do, you know, is to have Patience, to hear her.

Bev. jun. Then, it's pity, Madam, you should ever be silent, that we might be always agreeable to one another.

Ind. If I had your Talent, or Power, to make my Actions speak for me, I might indeed be silent, and yet pretend to something more than the Agreeable.

Bev. jun. If I might be vain in any thing in my Power, Madam, 'tis that my Understanding, from all your Sex, has mark'd you out, as the most deserving Object of my Esteem.

Ind. Should I think I deserve this, 'twere enough to make my Vanity forfeit the very Esteem you offer me.

Bev. jun. How so Madam?

Ind. Because Esteem is the Result of Reason, and to deserve it from good Sense, the Height of Human Glory; Nay, I had rather a Man of Honour should pay me that, than all the Homage of a sincere and humble Love.

Bev. jun. You certainly distinguish right, Madam; Love often kindles from external Merit only——

Ind. But Esteem arises from a higher Source, the Merit of the Soul——

Bev. jun. True—And great Souls only can deserve it. [*Bowing respectfully.*

Ind. Now, I think, they are greater still, that can so charitably part with it.

Bev. jun. Now, Madam, you make me vain; since the utmost Pride, and Pleasure of my Life is, that I esteem you——as I ought.

Ind. [*Aside.*] As he ought! still more perplexing! he neither saves nor kills, my Hope.

Bev. jun. But Madam, we grow grave, methinks—Let's find some other Subject—Pray how did you like the Opera last Night?

Ind. First give me leave to thank you for my Tickets.

Bev. jun. O! your Servant, Madam—But pray tell me

me, you now, who are never partial to the Faſhion I fancy, muſt be the propereſt Judge of a mighty Diſpute among the Ladies, that is, whether *Criſpo* or *Griſelda* is the more agreeable Entertainment.

Ind. With Submiſſion now, I cannot be a proper Judge of this Queſtion.

Bev. jun. How ſo, Madam?

Ind. Becauſe I find I have a Partiality for one of them:

Bev. jun. Pray which is that?

Ind. I do not know———there's ſomething in that Rural Cottage of *Griſelda*, her forlorn Condition, her Poverty, her Solitude, her Reſignation, her innocent Slumbers, and that lulling *Dolce Sogno* that's ſung over her; it had an Effect upon me, that—in ſhort, I never was ſo well deceiv'd at any of them.

Bev. jun. O! Now then, I can account for the Diſpute: *Griſelda*, it ſeems, is the Diſtreſs of an injur'd Innocent Woman: *Criſpo*, that only of a Man in the ſame Condition; therefore the Men are moſtly concern'd for *Criſpo*, and by a natural Indulgence, both Sexes for *Griſelda*.

Ind. So that Judgment, you think, ought to be for one, tho' Fancy and Complaiſance have got Ground for the other. Well! I believe you will never give me leave to diſpute with you on any Subject; for I own, *Criſpo* has Charms for me too: Tho' in the main, all the Pleaſure the beſt Opera gives us, is but mere Senſation——Methinks it's Pity the Mind can't have a little more Share in the Entertainment.—The Muſick's certainly fine: but, in my Thoughts, there's none of your Compoſers come up to Old *Shakeſpear* and *Otway*.

Bev. jun. How, Madam! why if a Woman of your Senſe were to ſay this in the Drawing Room—

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's Signior *Carbonelli* ſays he waits your Commands, in the next Room.

Bev. jun. A propos! You were ſaying Yeſterday, Madam, you had a mind to hear him—Will you give him leave to entertain you now?

Ind. By all means: Deſire the Gentleman to walk in,

[*Exit Servant.*]

Bev. jun. I fancy you will find ſomething in this Hand, that is uncommon.

Ind. You are always finding ways, Mr. *Bevil*, to make Life ſeem leſs tedious to me.——

Enter Muſick-Maſter.

When the Gentleman pleaſes.

After a Sonnata is play'd, Bevil junior *waits on the Maſter to the Door, &c.*

Bev. jun. You ſmile, Madam, to ſee me ſo complaiſant to one, whom I pay for his Viſit: Now, I own, I think it not enough barely to pay thoſe, whoſe Talents are ſuperior to our own (I mean ſuch Talents, as would become our Condition, if we had them. Methinks we ought to do ſomething more than barely gratify them, for what they do at our Command, only becauſe their Fortune is below us.

Ind. You ſay, I ſmile: I aſſure you it was a ſmile of Approbation; for indeed I cannot but think it the diſtinguiſhing Part of a Gentleman, to make his Superiority of Fortune as eaſy to his Inferiors as he can—— Now once more to try him. [*Aſide.*]—I was ſaying juſt now, I believed you would never let me diſpute with you, and I dare ſay it will always be ſo: However, I muſt have your Opinion upon a Subject, which created a Debate between my Aunt and me, juſt before you came hither; ſhe would needs have it, that no Man ever does any extraordinary Kindneſs or Service for a Woman, but for his own ſake.

Bev. jun. Well! Madam! indeed I can't but be of her Mind.

Ind. What though he would maintain, and ſupport her without demanding any thing of her on her part?

Bev. jun. Why, Madam! is making an Expence in the Service of a Valuable Woman (for ſuch I muſt ſuppoſe her) though ſhe ſhould never do him any Favour; nay, though ſhe ſhould never know who did her ſuch Service, ſuch a mighty Heroick Buſineſs?

Ind. Certainly! I ſhould think he muſt be a Man of an uncommon Mold.

Bev. jun Dear Madam, why ſo? 'Tis but at beſt a better

better Taſte in Expence: To beſtow upon one, whom he may think one of the Ornaments of the whole Creation, to be conſcious, that from his Superfluity, an Innocent, a Virtuous Spirit is ſupported above the Temptations and Sorrows of Life! That he ſees Satisfaction, Health and Gladneſs in her Countenance, while he enjoys the Happineſs of ſeeing her (as that I will ſuppoſe too, or he muſt be too abſtracted, too inſenſible) I ſay, if he is allowed to delight in that Proſpect; alas! what mighty Matter is there, in all this?

Ind. No mighty matter, in ſo diſintereſted a Friendſhip!

Bev. jun. Diſintereſted! I can't think him ſo; your Hero, Madam, is no more, than what every Gentleman ought to be, and I believe very many are---He is only one, who takes more delight in Reflexions than in Senſations: He is more pleaſ d with Thinking, than Eating; that's the utmoſt you can ſay of him——Why, Madam, a greater Expence than all this, Men lay out upon an unneceſſary Stable of Horſes.

Ind. Can you be ſincere in what you ſay?

Bev. jun. You may depend upon it, if you know any ſuch Man, he does not love Dogs inordinately.

Ind. No, that he does not.

Bev. jun. Nor Cards, nor Dice.

Ind. No.

Bev. jun. Nor Bottle Companions.

Ind. No.

Bev. jun. Nor looſe Women.

Ind. No I'm ſure he does not.

Bev. jun. Take my Word then, if your admired Hero is not liable to any of theſe kind of Demands, there's no ſuch Preheminence in this, as you imagine: Nay, this Way of Expence you ſpeak of, is what exalts and raiſes him that has a Taſte for it. And at the ſame time, his Delight is incapable of Satiety, Diſguſt or Penitence.

Ind. But ſtill I inſiſt his having no private Intereſt in the Action, makes it prodigious, almoſt incredible.

Bev. jun. Dear Madam, I never knew you more miſtaken: Why who can be more an Uſurer, than he, who lays out his Money in ſuch Valuable Purchaſes?

If Pleaſure be worth purchaſing, how great a Pleaſure is it to him, who has a true Taſte of Life, to eaſe an aking Heart, to ſee the human Countenance lighted up into Smiles of Joy, on the Receipt of a Bit of Ore, which is ſuperfluous, and otherwiſe uſeleſs in a Man's own Pocket? What could a Man do better with his Caſh? This is the Effect of an Human Diſpoſition, where there is only a general Tye of Nature, and common Neceſſity. What then muſt it be, when we ſerve an Object of Merit, of Admiration!

Ind. Well! the more you argue againſt it, the more I ſhall admire the Generoſity.

Bev. jun. Nay——Then, Madam 'tis time to fly, after a Declaration, that to my Opinion ſtrengthens my Adverſary's Argument——I had beſt haſten to my Appointment with Mr. *Myrtle*, and begone, while we are Friends, and——before things are brought to an Extremity—— [*Exit careleſsly.*

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. Well, Madam, what think you of him now, pray?

Ind. I proteſt, I begin to fear he is wholy diſintereſted in what he does for me. On my Heart, he has no other View, but, the meer Pleaſure of doing it, and has neither Good or Bad Deſigns upon me.

Iſab. Ah! dear Neice! don't be in Fear of both! I'll warrant you, you will know time enough, that he is not indifferent.

Ind. You pleaſe me, when you tell me ſo: For if he has any Wiſhes towards me, I know he will not purſue them, but with Honour.

Iſab. I wiſh, I were as confident of one, as t'other—I ſaw the reſpectful Downcaſt of his Eye, when you catcht him gazing at you during the Muſick: He, I warrant, was ſurpriz'd, as if he had been taking ſtealing your Watch. O! the undiſſembled Guilty Look!

Ind. But did you obſerve any ſuch thing, really? I thought he look'd moſt charmingly graceful! How engaging is Modeſty, in a Man, when one knows there is a great Mind within——ſo tender a Confuſion!

and

and yet in other Reſpects, ſo much himſelf, ſo collected, ſo dauntleſs, ſo determin'd!

Iſab. Ah! Neice! there is a ſort of Baſhfulneſs, which is the beſt Engine to carry on a ſhameleſs Purpoſe: Some Men's Modeſty ſerves their Wickedneſs, as Hypocriſy gains the Reſpect due to Piety: But I will own to you, there is one hopeful Symptom, If there could be ſuch a thing, as a diſintereſted Love: But it's all a Perplexity, till——till——till——

Ind. Till what;

Iſab. Till I know whether Mr. *Myrtle* and Mr. *Bevil* are really Friends or Foes——And that I will be convinced of, before I ſleep: For you ſhall not be deceiv'd.

Ind. I'm ſure, I never ſhall, if your Fears can guard me: In the mean time, I'll wrap myſelf up in the Integrity of my own Heart, nor dare to doubt of his.

As Conſcious Honour all his Actions ſteers;
So Conſcious Innocence diſpels my Fears. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *Sealand's* Houſe.

Enter Tom *meeting* Phillis.

Tom. WELL, *Phillis!*——what with a Face, as if you had never ſeen me before——— What a Work have I to do now? She has ſeen ſome new Viſitant, at their Houſe, whoſe Airs ſhe has catch'd, and is reſolv'd to practiſe them upon me. Numberleſs are the changes ſhe'll dance thro', before ſhe'll answer this plain Queſtion; *videlicet*. Have you deliver'd my Maſter's Letter to your Lady? Nay, I know her too well, to aſk an Account of it, in an ordinary Way; I'll be in my Airs as well as ſhe. [*Aſide.*——Well, Madam, as unhappy as you are at preſent pleaſed

pleaſed to make me, I would not in the geneal be any other than what I am; I would not be a bit wiſer, a bit richer, a bit taller, a bit ſhorter, then I am at this Inſtant. [*Looking ſteadfaſtly at her.*

Phil. Did ever any body doubt, Maſter *Thomas*, but that you were extremely ſatisfied with your ſweet ſelf?

Tom. I am indeed—The Thing I have leaſt reaſon to be ſatisfyed with is my Fortune, and I am glad of my Poverty; Perhaps, if I were rich, I ſhould overlook the fineſt Woman in the World, that wants nothing but Riches to be thought ſo.

Phil. How prettily was that ſaid! But I'll have a great deal more, before I'll ſay one Word. [*Aſide.*

Tom. I ſhould perhaps, have been ſtupidly above her, had I not been her Equal; and by not being her Equal, never had Opportunity of being her Slave. I am my Maſter's Servant for Hire; I am my Miſtreſs's from Choice; would ſhe but approve my Paſſion.

Phil. I think it is the firſt Time I ever heard you ſpeak of it, with any Senſe of the Anguiſh, if you really do ſuffer any.

Tom. Ah! *Phillis*, can you doubt, after what you have ſeen;

Phil. I know not what I have ſeen, nor what I have heard; but ſince I am at Leiſure, you may tell me, when you fell in Love with me; How you fell in Love with me; and what you have ſuffer'd or are ready to ſuffer for me.

Tom. Oh! the unmerciful Jade! when I'm in haſte about my Maſter's Letter ——— But I muſt go thro' it [*Aſide.*]—Ah! too well I remember, when, and how, and on what Occaſion I was firſt ſurpriz'd. It was on the firſt of *April*, one thouſand ſeven hundred and fifteen, I came into Mr. *Scaland*'s Service; I was then a Hobble de Hoy, and you a pretty little tight Girl, a favourite Handmaid of the Houſe keeper---At that Time, we neither of us knew what was in us: I remember, I was ordered to get out at the Window, one pair of Stairs, to rub the Saſhes clear,——— the Perſon employ'd on the inner ſide, was your Charming ſelf, whom I had never ſeen before.

Phil.

Phil. I think, I remember the ſilly Accident: What made ye, you Oaf, ready to fall down into the Street?

Tom. You know not, I warrant you——You could not gueſs what ſurpriſ'd me You took no Delight, when you immediately grew wanton in your Conqueſt, and put your Lips cloſe and breath'd upon the Glaſs, and when my Lips approach'd, a dirty Cloth was rubb'd againſt my Face, and hid your beauteous Form; when I again drew near, you ſpit, and rubb'd, and ſmil'd at my undoing.

Phil. What ſilly Thoughts you Men have!

Tom. We were *Pyramus* and *Thiſbe*——but ten times harder was my Fate; *Pyramus* could peep only through a Wall; I ſaw her, ſaw my *Thiſbe* in all her Beauty, but as much kept from her as if a hundred Walls between; for there was more, there was her Will againſt me—Would ſhe but yet relent!——Oh, *Phillis!* *Phillis!* ſhorten my Torment, and declare you pity me.

Phil. I believe it's very ſufferable; the Pain is not ſo exquiſite, but that you may bear it a little longer.

Tom. Oh! my charming *Phillis*, if all depended on my Fair One's Will, I could with Glory ſuffer——But, deareſt Creature, conſider our miſerable State.

Phil. How! miſerable!

Tom. We are miſerable to be in Love, and under the Command of others than thoſe we love——with that generous Paſſion in the Heart, to be ſent to and fro on Errands, call'd, check'd, and rated for the meaneſt Trifles. Oh, *Phillis!* you don't know how many *China* Cups, and Glaſſes, my Paſſion for you has made me break: You have broke my Fortune, as well as my Heart.

Phil. Well, Mr. *Thomas*, I cannot but own to you, that I believe, your Maſter writes, and you ſpeak, the beſt of any Men in the World. Never was Woman ſo well pleas'd with a Letter, as my young Lady was with his, and this is an Anſwer to it.

[*Gives him a Letter.*

Tom. This was well done, my Deareſt; conſider, we muſt ſtrike out ſome pretty Likelihood for ourſelves, by cloſing their Affairs: It will be nothing for them

them to give us a little Being of our own, some small Tenement, out of their large Possessions: whatever they give us, 'twill be more than what they keep for themselves: one Acre, with *Phillis*, wou'd be worth a whole Country without her.

Phil. O, could I but believe you!

Tom. If not the Utterance, believe the Touch of my Lips. [*Kisses her.*

Phil. There's no contradicting you; how closely you argue, *Tom!*

Tom. And will closer in due time. But I must hasten with this Letter, to hasten towards the Possession of you———Then, *Phillis*, consider how I must be reveng'd, look to it, of all your Skittishness, shy Looks, and at best, but coy Complyances.

Phil. Oh! *Tom*, you grow wanton, and sensual, as my Lady calls it, I must not endure it; O! Foh! you are a Man, an odious, filthy Male Creature; you should behave, if you had a right Sense, or were a Man of Sense, like Mr. *Cimberton*, with Distance and Indifference, or let me see some other becoming hard Word, with seeming in-in-in-advertency, and not rush on one as if you were seizing a Prey. But hush——the Ladies are coming——Good *Tom*, don't kiss me above once, and begone——Lard, we have been Fooling and Toying, and not consider'd the main Business of our Masters and Mistresses.

Tom. Why, their Business is to be Fooling and Toying as soon as the Parchments are ready.

Phil. Well remember'd-- Parchments——my Lady, to my Knowledge, is preparing Writing between her Coxcomb Cousin *Cimberton*, and my Mistress; though my Master has an Eye to the Parchments already prepar'd between your Master Mr. *Bevil*, and my Mistress; and I believe, my Mistress herself has sign'd and seal'd, in her Heart to Mr. *Myrtle*——Did I not bid you kiss me but once and begone? but I know you won't be satisfy'd.

Tom. No, you smooth Creature, how should I?

[*Kissing her Hand.*

Phil. Well since you are so humble, or so cool, as

as to raviſh my Hand only, I'll take my Leave of you like a great Lady, and you a Man of Quality.

[*They ſalute formally.*

Tom. Pox of all this State. [*Offers to kiſs her more cloſely.*

Phil. No, pr'ythee, *Tom*, mind your Buſineſs. We muſt follow that Intereſt which will take: but endeavour at that which will be moſt for us, and ſhe like moſt---- O here is my young Miſtreſs! [Tom *taps her Neck behind, and kiſſes his Fingers*] Go, ye liquoriſh Fool.

[*Exit* Tom.

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. Who was that you was hurrying away.

Phil. One that I did not like to part with.

Luc. Why did you part with him then?

Phil. For your Ladyſhip's Service, to carry your Ladyſhip's Letter to his Maſter: I could hardly get the Rogue away.

Luc. Why has he ſo little Love for his Maſter?

Phil. No; but he hath ſo much Love for his Miſtreſs.

Luc. But, I thought I heard him kiſs you. Why do you ſuffer that?

Phil. Why, Madam, we Vulgar take it to be a Sign of Love; we Servants, we poor People, that have nothing but our Perſons to beſtow, or treat for, are forc'd to deal and bargain by way of Sample; and therefore, as we have no Parchments, or Wax neceſſary in our Agreements, we ſqueze with our Hands, and ſeal with our Lips, to ratify Vows and Promiſes.

Luc. But can't you truſt one another, without ſuch Earneſt down?

Phil. We don't think it ſafe, any more than you Gentry, to come together without Deeds executed.

Luc. Thou art a pert, merry Huſſy.

Phil. I wiſh, Madam, your Lover and you were as happy, as *Tom* and your Servant are.

Luc. You grow impertinent.

Phil. I have done, Madam; and I won't aſk you, what you intend to do with Mr. *Myrtle*, what your Father will do with Mr. *Bevil*, nor what you all, eſpecially, my Lady, mean by admitting Mr. *Cimberton* as particularly

larly here, as if he were married to you already; nay, you are married actually as far as People of Quality are.

Luc. How's that?

Phil. You have different Beds in the same House.

Luc Pshaw! I have a very great Value for Mr. *Bevil*, but have absolutely put an End to his Pretensions, in the Letter I gave you for him: But, my Father, in his Heart, still has a mind to him, were it not for this Woman they talk of; and, I am apt to imagine he is married to her, or never designs to marry at all.

Phil. Then Mr. *Myrtle*——

Luc. He had my Parents Leave to apply to me, and by that he has won me and my Affections: who is to have this Body of mine, without 'em, it seems, is nothing to me; my Mother says, 'tis indecent for me to let my Thoughts stray about the Person of my Husband: Nay she says, a Maid, rightly virtuous, tho' she may have been where her Lover was a thousand times, should not have made Observations enough, to know him from another Man, when she sees him in a third Place.

Phil. That is more than the Severity of a Nun; for not to see, when one may, is hardly possible; not to see when one can't is very easy; at this rate, Madam, there are a great many whom you have not seen who—

Luc. Mamma says, the first time you see your Husband should be at that Instant he is made so; when your Father, with the help of the Minister, gives you to him; then you are to see him; then you are to observe, and take Notice of him, because then you are to Obey him.

Phil. But does not my Lady remember, you are to Love as well as to Obey?

Luc. To Love is a Passion, 'tis a Desire, and we must have no Desires. Oh! I cannot endure the Reflection! With what Insensibility on my Part, with what more than Patience, have I been expos'd, and offer'd to some awkward Booby or other, in every County of *Great Britain?*

Phil. Indeed, Madam, I wonder I never heard you speak of it before with this Indignation.

Luc. Every Corner of the Land has presented me with a wealthy Coxcomb. As fast as one Treaty has gone off, another has come on, 'till my Name and Person have been

been the Tittle Tattle of the whole Town: What is this World come to! No Shame left! to be barter'd for, like the beasts of the Field, and that in such an Instance, as coming together to an entire Familiarity, and Union of Soul and Body; Oh! And this without being so much as Well-wishers to each other, but for Increase of Fortune.

Phil. But, Madam, all these Vexations will end very soon, in one for all: Mr. *Cimberton* is your Mother's Kinsman, and three hundred Years an older Gentleman than any Lover you ever had; for which Reason, with that of his prodigious large Estate, she is resolv'd on him, and has sent to consult the Lawyers accordingly Nay, has (whether you know it or no) been in Treaty with Sir *Geoffry*, who to join in the Settlement, has accepted of a Sum to do it, and is every Moment expected in Town for that Purpose.

Luc. How do you get all this Intelligence?

Phil. By an Art I have, I thank my Stars, beyond all the Waiting-Maids in *Great-Britain*; the Art of Listning, Madam, for your Ladyship's Service:

Luc. I shall soon know as much as you do; leave me, leave me, *Phillis*, be gone: Here, here, I'll turn you out. My Mother says I must not converse with my Servants; tho' I must converse with no one else. [*Exit* Phillis] How unhappy are we, who are born to great Fortunes! No one looks at us with Indifference, or acts towards us on the Foot of Plain-Dealing; yet by all I have been heretofore offer'd to, or treated for, I have been us'd with the most agreeable of all Abuses, Flattery: But now, by this Phlegmatick Fool, I'm us'd as nothing, or a meer Thing; He, forsooth! is too wise, too learned to have any regard to Desires, and, I know not what the learned Oaf calls Sentiments of Love and Passion——— Here he comes with my Mother—It's much if he looks at me; or if he does, takes no more Notice of me, than of any other Moveable in the Room.

Enter Mrs. Sealand, *and Mr.* Cimberton.

Mrs. Seal. How do I admire this noble, this learned Taste of yours, and the worthy Regard you have to

our own ancient and honourable Houſe, in conſulting a Means to keep the Blood as pure, and as regularly deſcended as may be.

Cim. Why really, Madam, the young Women of this Age are treated with Diſcourſes of ſuch a Tendency, and their Imaginations ſo bewilder'd in Fleſh and Blood, that a Man of Reaſon can't talk to be underſtood: They have no Ideas of Happineſs, but what are more groſs than the Gratification of Hunger and Thirſt.

Luc. With how much Reflexion he is a Coxcomb! *Aſide.*

Cimb. And in Truth, Madam, I have conſider'd it, as a moſt brutal Cuſtom, that Perſons, of the firſt Character in the World, ſhould go as ordinarily, and with as little Shame, to Bed, as to Dinner with one another. They proceed to the Propagation of the Species, as openly, as to the Preſervation of the Individual.

Luc. She that willingly goes to Bed to thee, muſt have no Shame, I'm ſure. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Seal. Oh Couſin *Cimberton!* Couſin *Cimberton!* how abſtracted, how refin'd, is your Senſe of Things: But, indeed, it is too true, there is nothing ſo ordinary as to ſay, in the beſt govern'd Families, my Maſter and Lady are gone to Bed; one does not know but it might have been ſaid of one's ſelf.

Hiding her Face with her Fan.

Cimb. Lycurgus, Madam, inſtituted otherwiſe; among the *Lacedæmonians*, the whole Female World was pregnant, but none, but the Mothers themſelves, knew by whom; their Meetings were ſecret, and the Amourous Congreſs always by Stealth; and no ſuch profeſſed Doings between the Sexes, as are tolerated among us under the audacious Word, Marriage.

Mrs. Seal. Oh! Had I liv'd, in thoſe Days, and been a Matron of *Sparta*, one might, with leſs Indecency, have had ten Children, according to that modeſt Inſtitution, than one, under the Confuſion of our modern bareface'd manner.

Luc. And yet, poor Woman, ſhe has gone thro' the whole Ceremony, and here I ſtand a melancholy Proof of it. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Seal.

Mrs. Seal. We will talk then of Buſineſs. That Girl walking about the Room there is to be your Wife. She has, I confeſs, no Ideas, no Sentiments, that ſpeak her born of a thinking Mother.

Cimb. I have obſerv'd her; her lively Look, free Air, and diſengag'd Countenance ſpeak her very———

Luc. Very, What?

Cimb. If you pleaſe, Madam———to ſet her a little that way.

Mrs. Seal. Lucinda, ſay nothing to him, you are not a Match for him; when you are married, you may ſpeak to ſuch a Huſband, when you are ſpoken to. But, I am diſpoſing of you, above yourſelf, every way.

Cimb. Madam, you cannot but obſerve the Inconveniences I expoſe myſelf to, in hopes that your Ladyſhip will be the Conſort of my better Part: As for the young Woman, ſhe is rather an Impediment, than a Help, to a Man of Letters, and Speculation. Madam, there is no Reflexion, no Philoſophy, can at all times ſubdue the Senſitive Life, but the Animal ſhall ſometimes carry away the Man: Ha! ay, the Vermilion of her Lips.

Luc. Pray don't talk of me thus.

Cimb. The pretty enough—Pant of her Boſom.

Luc. Sir; Madam, don't you hear him?

Cimb. Her forward Cheſt.

Luc. Intolerable!

Cimb. High Health.

Luc. The grave, eaſy Impudence of him!

Cimb. Proud Heart.

Luc. Stupid Coxcomb!

Cimb. I ſay, Madam, her Impatience, while we are looking at her, throws out all Attractions—her Arms——her Neck—what a Spring in her Step?

Luc. Don't you run me over thus, you ſtrange Unaccountable!

Cimb. What an Elaſticity in her Veins and Arteries!

Luc. I have no Veins, no Arteries.

Mrs. Seal. Oh, Child, hear him, he talks finely, he's a Scholar, he knows what you have.

Cimb. The ſpeaking Invitation of her Shape, the Gathering of herſelf up, and the Indignation you ſee in

the pretty little thing——now, I am conſidering her, on this Occaſion, but as one that is to be pregnant.

Luc. The familiar, learned, unſeaſonable Puppy.. [*Aſide.*

Cimb. And pregnant undoubtedly ſhe will be yearly. I fear, I ſhan't, for many Years, have Diſcretion enough to give her one fallow Seaſon.

Luc. Monſter! there's no bearing it. The hideous Sot!——there's no enduring it, to be thus ſurvey'd like a Steed at Sale.

Cimb. At Sale! ſhe's very illiterate---But ſhe's very well limb'd too; turn her in; I ſee what ſhe is.

[*Exit* Lucinda *in a Rage.*

Mrs. Seal. Go, you Creature, I am aſham'd of you.

Cimb. No harm done you know, Madam, the better ſort of People, as I obſerv'd to you, treat by their Lawyers of Weddings [*adjuſting himſelf at the Glaſs*] and the Woman in the Bargain, like the Manſion-houſe in the Sale of the Eſtate, is thrown in, and what that is, whether good or bad, is not at all conſider'd.

Mrs. Seal. I grant it, and therefore make no Demand for her Youth and Beauty, and every other Accompliſhment, as the common World think 'em, becauſe ſhe is not Polite.

Cimb. Madam, I know, your exalted Underſtanding, abſtracted, as it is, from vulgar prejudices, will not be offended, when I declare to you, I marry to have an Heir to my Eſtate, and not to beget a Colony, or a Plantation: This young Woman's Beauty and Conſtitution, will demand proviſion for a tenth Child at leaſt.

Mrs Seal. With all that Wit, and Learning, how conſiderate! What an Oeconomiſt! [*Aſide.*]——Sir, I cannot make her any other than ſhe is; or ſay ſhe is much better than the other young Women of this Age, or fit for much, beſides being a Mother; but I have given Directions for the Marriage Set lements, and Sir *Geoffry Cimberton*'s Council is to meet ours here, at this Hour, concerning his joining in the Deed, which when executed, makes you capable of ſe tling what is due to *Lucinda*'s Fortune: Herſelf, as I told you, I ſay not thing of,

Cimb.

Cimb. No, no, no, indeed, Madam, it is not uſual, and I muſt depend upon my own Reflexion and Philoſophy, not to overſtock my Family.

Mrs. Seal. I cannot help her, Couſin, *Cimberton*; but ſhe is, for ought I ſee, as well as the Daughter of any body elſe.

Cimb. That is very true, Madam.

Enter a Servant, who whiſpers Mrs. Sealand.

Mrs. Seal. The Lawyers are come, and now we are to hear what they have reſolv'd as to the point whether it's neceſſary that Sir *Geoffry* ſhould join in the Settlement, as being what they call in the Remainder. But, good Couſin, you muſt have Patience with 'em. Theſe Lawyers, I am told, are of a different kind, one is what they call a Chamber-Counſel, The other a Pleader: The Conveyancer is ſlow, from an Imperfection in his Speech and therefore ſhunn'd the Bar, but extremely Paſſionate, and impatient of Contradiction: The other is as warm as he; but has a Tongue ſo voluble, and a Head ſo conceited, he will ſuffer no body to ſpeak but himſelf.

Cimb. You mean old Serjeant *Target*, and Counſellor *Bramble?* I have heard of 'em.

Mrs. Seal. The ſame: ſhew in the Gentlemen.

[*Exit Servant.*

Re-enter Servant introducing Myrtle *and* Tom. *diſguis'd as* Bramble *and* Target.

Mrs. Seal. Gentlemen, this is the Party concern'd, Mr. *Cimberton*; and I hope you have conſider'd of the matter.

Targ. Yes, Madam, we have agreed that it muſt be by Indent—dent—dent dent—

Bram. Yes, Madam, Mr. Serjeant and myſelf have agreed, as he is plea'd to inform you, that it muſt be an Indenture Tripartite, and Tripartite let it be, for Sir *Geoffry* muſt needs be a Party; old *Cimberton*, in the Year 1619, ſays, in that ancient Roll, in Mr. Serjeant's Hands, as Recourſe thereto being had, will more at large appear———

Tar. Yes, and by the Deeds in your Hands, it appears that——

Bram. Mr. Serjeant I beg of you to make no Inferences upon what is in our Cuſtody; but ſpeak to the Titles in your own Deeds——I ſhall not ſhew that Deed 'till my Client is in Town.

Cimb. You know beſt your own Methods.

Mrs. Seal. The ſingle Queſtion is, whether the Intail is ſuch, that my Couſin Sir *Geoffry* is neceſſary in this Affair?

Bram. Yes, as to the Lordſhip of *Tretriplet*, but not as to the Meſſuage of *Grimgribber*.

Tar. I ſay that *Gr—gr*—that *Gr-- gr---Grimgribber*, *Grimgribber* is in us. That is to ſay the Remainder thereof, as well as that of *Tr---tr---Triplet*.

Bram. You go upon the Deed of Sir *Ralph*, made in the middle of the laſt Century, precedent to that in which old *Cimberton* made over the Remainder, and made it paſs to the Heirs general, by which our Client comes in; and I queſtion whether the Remainder even of *Tretriplet* is in him——But we are willing to wave that, and give him a valuable Conſideration. But we ſhall not purchaſe what is in us for ever, as *Grimgribber* is, at the rate as we guard againſt the Contingent of Mr. *Cimberton* having no Son——Then we know Sir *Geoffry* is the firſt of the Collateral Male Line in this Family——Yet——

Tar. Sir——*Gr——gr——ber* is----

Bram. I apprehend you very well, and your Argument might be of Force, and we would be inclin'd to hear that in all its Parts——But, Sir, I ſee very plainly what you are going into—I tell you it is as probable a Contingent that Sir *Geoffry* may die before Mr. *Cimberton*, as that he may outlive him.

Tar. Sir, we are not ripe for that yet, but I muſt ſay

Bram. Sir, I allow you the whole extent of that Argument; but that will go no farther than as to the Claimants under old *Cimberton*——I am of Opinion, that according to the Inſtructions of Sir *Ralph*, he could not dock the Intail, and then create a new Eſtate for the Heirs in General.

Tar.

Tar. Sir, I have not patience to be told that, when *Gr—gr—ber*———

Bram. I will allow it you, Mr. Serjeant; but there muſt be the Word Heirs for ever, to make ſuch an Eſtate as you pretend.

Cimb. I muſt be impartial, tho' you are Council for my ſide of the Queſtion---Were it not that you are ſo good as to allow him what he has not ſaid, I ſhould think it very hard you ſhould anſwer him without hearing him ---But Gentlemen, I believe you have both Conſider'd this matter; and are firm in your different Opinions: 'Twere better therefore you proceeded according to the particular Senſe of each of you, and gave your Thoughts diſtinctly in Writing——And do you ſee, Sirs, pray let me have a Copy of what you ſay, in *Engliſh*.

Bram. Why, what is all we have been ſaying?——In *Engliſh!* Oh! but I forgot myſelf, you're a Wit---But however, to pleaſe you, Sir, you ſhall have it, in as plain terms, as the Law will admit of.

Cimb. But I would have it, Sir, without delay.

Bram. That, Sir, the Law will not admit of; the Courts are ſitting at *Weſtminſter*, and I am this moment oblig'd to be at every one of them, and 'twould be wrong if I ſhould not be in the Hall to attend one of 'em at leaſt, the reſt would take it ill elſe---———Therefore, I muſt leave what I have ſaid to Mr. Serjeant's Conſideration, and I will digeſt his Arguments on my part, and you ſhall hear from me again, Sir. [*Exit* Bramble.

Tar. Agreed, agreed.

Cimb. Mr. *Bramble* is very quick———He parted a little abruptly.

Tar. He could not bear my Argument, I pincht him to the Quick about that *Gr---gr- -ber*.

Mrs. Seal. I ſaw that, for he duſt not ſo much as hear you---I ſhall ſend to you, Mr. Serjeant, as ſoon as Sir *Geoffry* comes to Town, and then I hope all may be adjuſted.

Tar. I ſhall be at my Chambers, at my uſual Hours. [*Exit.*

Cimb. Madam, if you pleaſe, I'll now Attend you to the Tea-table, where I ſhall hear from your Ladyſhip,

ſhip. Reaſon and good Senſe, after all this Law and Gibberiſh.

Mrs. Seal. 'Tis a wonderful thing, Sir that Men of Profeſſions do not ſtudy to talk the Subſtance of what they have to ſay, in the Language of the reſt of the World: Sure, they'd find their Account in it.

Cimb. They might, perhaps, Madam, with People of your good Senſe; but, with the generality 'twould never do: The Vulgar would have no reſpect for Truth and Knowledge, if they were expos'd to naked View.

Truth is too ſimple, of all Art bereav'd,
Since the World will—why let it be deceiv'd. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE Bevil Junior's *Lodgings.*

Bevil jun. *with a Letter in his Hand, follow'd by* Tom.

Tom. UPON my Life, Sir, I know nothing of the matter: I never open'd my Lips to Mr. *Myrtle*, about any thing of your Honour's Letter to Madam *Lucinda*.

Bev. jun. What's the Fool in ſuch a fright for? I don't ſuppoſe you did: What I would know is, whether Mr. *Myrtle* ſhew'd any Suſpicion, or aſk'd you any Queſtions, to lead you to ſay caſually, that you had carry'd any ſuch Letter, for me, this Morning.

Tom. Why, Sir, if he did aſk me any Queſtions, how could I help it?

Bev. jun. I don't ſay you could, Oaf! I am not queſtioning you, but him: What did he ſay to you?

Tom. Why, Sir, when I came to his Chambers, to be dreſs'd for the Lawyer's Part, your Honour was pleas'd to put me upon, he aſk'd me, if I had been at Mr. *Sealand*'s this Morning?---So I told him, Sir, I often went thither ——becauſe, Sir, if I had not ſaid that, he might have thought, there was ſomething more in my going now, than at another time.

Bev.

Bev. jun. Very well!—The Fellow's Caution, I find, has given him this Jealouſy. [*Aſide.*] Did he aſk you no other Queſtions?

Tom. Yes Sir.—now I remember, as we came away in the Hackney Coach, from *Mr. Sealand*'s *Tom*, ſays he, as I came in to your Maſter this Morning, he bade you go for an Anſwer to a Letter he had ſent. Pray did you bring him any? ſays he——Ah! ſays I, Sir, your Honour is pleas'd to joke with me, you have a mind to know whether I can keep a Secret, or no?

Bev. jun. And ſo by ſhewing him you could, you told him you had one?

Tom. Sir—— [*confus'd.*

Bev. jun. What mean Action does Jealouſy make a Man ſtoop to? How poorly has he us'd Art, with a Servant, to make him betray his Maſter? Well! and when did he give you this Letter for me?

Tom. Sir, he writ it, before he pull'd off his Lawyer's Gown, at his own Chambers.

Bev. jun. Very well; and what did he ſay, when you brought him my Anſwer to it.

Tom. He look'd a little out of Humour, Sir, and ſaid, it was very well.

Bev. jun. I knew he would be grave upon't.—wait without.

Tom. Hum? 'gad I don't like this; I am afraid we are in the wrong Box here.—— [*Exit* Tom.

Bev. jun. I put on a Serenity, while my Fellow was preſent: But I have never more been thoroughly diſturb'd; This hot Man! to write me a Challenge, on ſuppoſed artificial Dealing, when I profeſs'd myſelf his Friend! I can live contented without Glory; but I cannot ſuffer Shame. What's to be done? But firſt, let me conſider *Lucinda*'s Letter again. [*Reads.*

SIR,

I Hope it is conſiſtent with the Laws a Woman ought to impoſe upon herſelf, to acknowledge, that your manner of declining a Treaty of Marriage in our Family, and deſiring a Refuſal may come from me, has ſomething more engaging in it, than the Courtſhip of him, who, I fear, will fall to my Lot; except your Friend exerts himſelf, for our common Safety and Happineſs: I have Reaſons for deſiring

firing Mr. Myrtle *may not know of this Letter, till hereafter, and am your moſt obliged humble Servant,*

Lucinda Sealand.

Well, but the Poſtſcript, [*Reads.*

I won't upon ſecond Thoughts, hide any thing from you. But, my Reaſon of concealing this is, that Mr. Myrtle *has a Jealouſy in his Temper, which gives me ſome Terrors; but my eſteem for him inclines me to hope, that only an ill Effect, which ſometimes accompanies a Tender Love; and what may be cur'd, by a careful and unblameable Conduct.*

Thus has this Lady made me her Friend and Confident, and put herſelf, in a kind, under my protection: I cannot tell him immediately the Purport of her Letter, except I could cure him of the violent and untractable Paſſion of Jealouſy, and ſo ſerve him, and her, by diſobeying her, in the Article of Secrecy, more than I ſhould by complying with her Directions—But then this Duelling, which Cuſtom has impos'd upon every Man who would live with Reputation and Honour in the World ---How muſt I preſerve myſelf from imputations there? He'll forſooth, call it, or think it Fear, if I explain without Fighting---But his Letter—I'll read it again—

SIR,

YOU have us'd me baſely, in correſponding, and carrying on a Treaty, where you told me you were indifferent: I have chang'd my Sword, ſince I ſaw you; which Advertiſment I thought proper to ſend you againſt the next Meeting, between you, and the injur'd

Charles Myrtle.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Mr. *Myrtle*, Sir: Would your Honour pleaſe to ſee him?

Bev. jun. Why you ſtupid Creature! Let Mr. *Myrtle* wait at my Lodgings! Shew him up. [*Exit* Tom. Well! I am reſolv'd upon my Carriage to him——He is in Love, and in every Circumſtance of Life a little diſtruſtful, which I muſt allow for--but here he is.

Enter Tom *introducing* Myrtle.

Sir, I am extremely oblig'd to you for this Honour, ——But, Sir, You, with your very diſcerning Face,

leave

leave the Room. [*Exit* Tom.] Well, Mr. *Myrtle*, your Commands with me?

Myr. The Time, the Place, our long Acquaintance and many other Circumſtances, which affect me on this Occaſion, oblige me, without any Ceremony, or Conference, to deſire you would not only, as you already have, acknowledge the Receipt of my Letter, but alſo comply with the Requeſt in it. I muſt have farther Notice taken of my Meſſage than theſe half Lines—I have yours,—I ſhall be at home——

Bev. jun. Sir I own, I have received a Letter from you, in a very unuſual Style; but as I deſign every thing, in this Matter, ſhall be your own Action, your own Seeking, I ſhall underſtand nothing, but what you are pleas'd to confirm, Face to Face, and I have already forgot the Contents of your Epiſtle.

Myrt. This cool Manner is very agreeable to the Abuſe you have already made of my Simplicity and Frankneſs; and I ſee your Moderation tends to your own Advantage, and not mine; to your own Safety, not Conſideration of your Friend.

Bev. jun. My own Safety, Mr. *Myrtle!*

Myrt. Your own Safety, Mr. *Bevil.*

Bev. jun. Look you Mr. *Myrtle*, there's no diſguiſing that I underſtand what you would be at—But Sir, You know I have often dared to diſapprove of the Deciſions a Tyrant Cuſtom has introduc'd, to the Breach of all Laws, both Divine and Human.

Myrt. Mr. *Bevil*, Mr. *Bevil*, it would be a good firſt Principle, in thoſe who have ſo tender a Conſcience that way, to have as much Abhorrence of doing Injuries, as——

Bev. jun. As what?

Myrt. As fear of anſwering for 'em.

Bev. jun. As Fear of anſwering for 'em! But that Apprehenſion is Juſt or Blameable, according to the Object of that Fear.——I have often told you in Confidence of Heart, I abhorr'd the Daring to offend the Author of Life, and ruſhing into his Preſence——I ſay, by the very ſame Act, to commit the Crime againſt him, and immediately to urge on to his Tribunal.

Myrt

Myrt. Mr. *Bevil*, I muſt tell you, this Coolneſs, this Gravity, this Shew of Conſcience, ſhall never cheat me of my Miſtreſs. You have, indeed, the beſt Excuſe for Life, the Hopes of poſſeſſing *Lucinda*: But conſider Sir, I have as much reaſon to be weary of it, if I am to loſe her; and my firſt Attempt to recover her, ſhall be to let her ſee the dauntleſs Man, who is to be her Guardian and Protector.

Bev. jun. Sir, Shew me but the leaſt glimpſe of Argument, that I am authoriz'd, by my own Hand, to vindicate any lawleſs Inſult of this nature, and I will ſhew thee——to chaſtize thee—hardly deſerves the Name of Courage——ſlight, inconſiderate Man!—— There is, Mr. *Myrtle*, no ſuch Terror in quick Anger; and you ſhall, you know not why, be cool, as you have, you know not why, been warm.

Myrt. Is the Woman one loves, ſo little an Occaſion of Anger? You perhaps, who know not what it is to love, who have your Ready, your Commodious, your Foreign Trinket for your looſe Hours; and from your Fortune, your ſpecious outward Carriage, and other lucky Circumſtances, as eaſy a Way to the Poſſeſſion of a Woman of Honour: you know nothing of what it is to be alarm'd, to be diſtracted, with Anxiety and Terror of loſing more than Life: Your Marriage, happy Man! goes on like common Buſineſs and in the interim, you have your Rambling Captive, your *Indian* Princeſs, for your ſoft Moments of Dalliance, your Convenient, your Ready *Indiana*.

Bev. jun. You have touched me beyond the Patience of a Man; and I'm excuſable in the Guard of Innocence (or from the Infirmity of Human Nature, which can bear no more) to accept your Invitation, and obſerve your Letter—Sir, I'll attend you.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Did you call, Sir? I thought you did: I heard you ſpeak aloud.

Bev. jun. Yes go call a Coach.

Tom. Sir,—Maſter—Mr. *Myrtle*—Friends—Gentlemen--What d,ye mean? I am but a Servant, or——

Bev.

Bev. jun. Call a Coach. [*Exit* Tom.

[*A long Pause, walking ſullenly by each other.*

[*Aſide.*] Shall I (though provok'd to the Uttermoſt) recover myſelf at the Entrance of a third Perſon, and that my Servant too, and not have Reſpect enough to all I have ever been receiving from Infancy, the Obligation to the beſt of Fathers, to an unhappy Virgin too whoſe Life depends on mine. [*Shutting the Door.*

[*To* Myrtle.] I have, thank Heaven, had time to recollect myſelf, and ſhall not for fear of what ſuch a raſh Man as you think of me, keep longer unexplain'd the falſe Appearances, under which your Infirmity of Temper makes you ſuffer; when, perhaps, too much Regard to a falſe Point of Honour, makes me prolong that Suffering.

Myrt. I am ſure, Mr. *Bevil* cannot doubt, but I had rather have Satisfaction from his Innocence, than his Sword.

Bev. jun. Why then would you aſk it firſt that Way?

Myrt. Conſider, you kept your Temper your ſelf no longer than 'till I ſpoke to the Diſadvantage of her you lov'd.

Bev. jun. True. But let me tell you, I have ſav'd you from the moſt exquiſite Diſtreſs, even tho' you had ſucceeded in the Diſpute: I know you ſo well, that I am ſure, to have found this Letter about a Man you had kill'd, would have been worſe than Death to yourſelf—Read it—When he is throughly mortify'd, and Shame has got the better of Jealouſy, when he has ſeen himſelf throughly, he will deſerve to be aſſiſted towards obtaining *Lucinda*.

Myrt. With what a Superiority has he turn'd the Injury on me, as the Aggreſſor? I begin to fear I have been too far tranſported——*A Treaty in our Family!* is not that ſaying too much? I ſhall relapſe——But I find (on the Poſtſcript) *ſomething like Jealouſy*——with what Face can I ſee my Benefactor? my Advocate? whom I have treated like a Betrayer.——Oh! *Bevil*, with what Words ſhall I——

Bev. jun. There needs none; to convince, is much more than to conquer.

Myrt. But can you——

Bev. jun. You have over-paid the Inquietude you gave me, in the Change I see you in towards me: Alas! what Machines are we! thy Face is alter'd to that of another Man; to that of my Companion, my Friend.

Myrt. That I could be such a precipitant Wretch!

Bev. jun. Pray no more.

Myrt. Let me reflect how many Friends have died, by the Hands of Friends, for want of Temper; and you must give me Leave to say again, and again, how much I am beholden to that superior Spirit you have subdu'd me with——what had become of one of us, or perhaps both, had you been as weak as I was, and as incapable of Reason?

Bev. jun. I congratulate to us both the Escape from ourselves, and hope the Memory of it will make us dearer Friends than ever.

Myrt. Dear *Bevil*, your Friendly Conduct has convinc'd me that there is nothing manly but what is conducted by Reason, and agreeable to the Practice of Virtue and Justice. And yet, how many have been sacrific'd to that Idol, the unreasonable Opinion of Men! Nay, they are so ridiculous in it, that they often use their Swords against each other, with Dissembled Anger and Real Fear.

Betray'd by Honour, and compell'd by Shame,
They hazard Being, to preserve a Name:
Nor dare enquire into the dread Mistake,
'Till plung'd in sad Eternity they Wake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *St.* James's *Park.*

Enter Sir John Bevil *and Mr.* Sealand.

Sir J. Bev. Give me leave, however Mr. *Sealand*, as we are upon a Treaty of uniting our Families, to mention only the Business of an ancient House——Genealogy, and Descent are to be of some Consideration, in an Affair of this sort.

Mr. Seal. Genealogy and Descent!——Sir, There has been in our Family a very large one. There was *Gulfrid* the Father of *Edward*, the Father of *Ptolemy*, the

the Father of *Craſſus*, the Father of Earl *Richard*, the Father of *Henry* the Marquis, the Father of Duke *John*——

Sir J. Bev. What do you rave Mr. *Sealand*? All theſe great Names in your Family?

Mr. Seal. Theſe? yes, Sir——I have heard my Father name 'em all, and more.

Sir J. Bev. Ay Sir;——and did he ſay they were all in your Family?

Mr. Seal. Yes, Sir, he kept them all——he was the greateſt Cocker in *England*——he ſaid, Duke *John* won him many Battles and never loſt one.

Sir J. Bev. Oh Sir, your Servant, you are laughing at my laying any Streſs upon Deſcent——but I muſt tell you, Sir, I never knew any one, but he that wanted that Advantage, turn it into Ridicule.

Mr. Seal. And I never knew any one, who had many better Advantages, put that into his Account——But, Sir *John*, value yourſelf as you pleaſe upon your ancient Houſe, I am to talk freely of every thing, you are pleas'd to put into our Bill of Rates on this Occaſion——yet, Sir, I have made no Objection to your Son's Family——'Tis his Morals that I doubt.

Sir J. Bev. Sir, I can't help ſaying, that what might injure a Citizen's Credit, may be no Stain to a Gentleman's Honour.

Mr. Seal. Sir *John*, the Honour of a Gentleman is liable to be tainted, by as ſmall a matter, as the Credit of a Trader; we are talking of a Marriage, and in ſuch a Caſe, the Father of a young Woman will not think it an Addition, to the Honour or Credit of her Lover——that he is a Keeper.

Sir J. Bev. Mr. *Sealand*, don't take upon you to ſpoil my Son's Marriage with any Woman elſe.

Mr. Seal. Sir *John*, let him apply to any Woman elſe, and have as many Miſtreſſes as he pleaſes.

Sir J. Bev. My Son, Sir, is a diſcreet and ſober Gentleman.

Mr. Seal. Sir, I never ſaw a Man that wenched ſoberly and diſcreetly, that ever left it off——the Decency obſerv'd in the Practice, hides, even from the

Sinner the Iniquity of it. They purſue it, not that their Appetites hurry 'em away; but, I warrant you, becauſe 'tis their Opinion, they may do it.

Sir J. Bev. Were what you ſuſpect a Truth——do you deſign to keep your Daughter a Virgin 'till you find a Man unblemiſh'd that way?

Mr. Seal. Sir, as much a Cit as you take me for——I know the Town and the World—and give me leave to ſay, that we Merchants are a Species of Gentry, that have grown into the World this laſt Century, and are as honourable, and almoſt as uſeful, as you landed Folks, that have always thought yourſelves ſo much above us; For your trading, forſooth! is extended no farther than a Load of Hay, or a fat Ox——You are pleaſant People, indeed; becauſe you are generally bred up to be lazy, therefore I warrant you Induſtry is diſhonourable.

Sir J. Bev. Be not offended, Sir; let us go back to our Point.

Mr. Seal. Oh! not at all offended——but I don't love to leave any part of the Account unclos'd—look you, Sir *John*, Compariſons are odious, and more particularly ſo on Occaſions of this Kind, when we are projecting Races, that are to be made out of both Sides of the Compariſons.

Sir J. Bev. But my Son, Sir, is in the Eye of the World, a Gentleman of Merit.

Mr. Seal. I own to you I think him ſo.——But, Sir *John*, I am a Man exercis'd, and experienc'd in Chances and Diſaſters; I loſt, in my earlier Years, a very fine Wife, and with her a poor little Infant: this makes me, perhaps, over cautious to preſerve the ſecond Bounty of Providence to me, and be as careful, as I can of this Child—you'll pardon me, my poor Girl, Sir, is as valuable to me, as your boaſted Son, to you.

Sir J. Bev. Why that's one very good Reaſon, Mr. *Sealand*, why I wiſh my Son had her.

Mr. Seal. There is nothing but this ſtrange Lady here, this *Incognita*, that can be objected to him——here and there a Man falls in Love with an artful Creature, and gives up all the Motives of Life, to that one Paſſion.

Sir

Sir J. Bev. A Man of my Son's Underſtanding cannot be ſuppoſed to be one of them.

Mr. Seal. Very wiſe Men have been ſo enſnar'd; and when a Man marries with one of them upon his Hands, whether moved from the Demand of the World, or ſlighter Reaſons; ſuch a Huſband ſoils with his Wife for a Month perhaps——then Good B'w'y' Madam—the Show's over——ah! *John Dryden* points out ſuch a Huſband to a Hair, where he ſays,

" And while abroad ſo prodigal the Dolt is,
" Poor Spouſe at home as ragged as a Colt is.

Now in plain Terms, Sir, I ſhall not care to have my poor Girl turn'd a grazing, and that muſt be the Caſe when——

Sir J. Bev. But pray conſider, Sir, my Son——

Mr. Seal. Look you, Sir, I'll make the Matter ſhort. This unknown Lady, as I told you, is all the Objection I have to him: But one way or other he is, or has been, certainly engag'd to her——I am therefore reſolv'd this very Afternoon, to viſit her: Now from her Behaviour, or Appearance, I ſhall ſoon be let into, what I may fear or hope for.

Sir J. Bev. Sir, I am very confident, there can be nothing inquired into, relating to my Son, that will not upon being underſtood, turn to his Advantage.

Mr Seal. I hope that as ſincerely, as you believe it—Sir *John Bevil*, when I am ſatisfied in this great Point, if your Son's Conduct anſwers the Character you give him, I ſhall wiſh your Alliance more than that of any Gentleman in *Great-Britain*, and ſo your Servant. [*Exit.*

Sir J. Bev. He is gone in a Way but barely Civil; but his great Wealth, and the Merit of his only Child, the Heireſs of it, are not to be loſt for a little Peeviſhneſs—

Enter Humphry.

Oh! *Humphrey*, you are come in a ſeaſonable Minute; I want to talk to thee, and to tell thee, that my Head and Heart are on the Rack, about my Son.

Humph. Sir, you may truſt his Diſcretion, I am ſure you may.

Sir J. Bev. Why, I do believe I may, and yet I'm in

a thouſand Fears, when I lay this vaſt Wealth before me: When I conſider his Prepoſſeſſions, either generous, to a Folly, in an honourable Love, or abandon'd, paſt Redemption, in a vicious One; and from the one or the other, his Inſenſibility to the faireſt Proſpect, towards doubling our Eſtate; a Father who knows how uſeful Wealth is, and how neceſſary, even to thoſe who deſpiſe it, I ſay a Father, *Humphrey*, a Father cannot bear it.

Humph. Be not tranſported, Sir; you will grow incapable of taking any Reſolution, in your Perplexity.

Sir J. Bev. Yet, as angry as I am with him, I would not have him ſurpriz'd in any thing——This Mercantile rough Man may go groſly into the Examination of this matter, and talk to the Gentlewoman ſo as to——

Humph. No, I hope, not in an abrupt manner.

Sir J. Bev. No, I hope not! Why, doſt thou know any thing of her, or of him, or of any thing of it, or all of it?

Humph. My dear Maſter, I know ſo much; that I told him this very Day, you had Reaſon to be ſecretly out of humour about her.

Sir J. Bev. Did you go ſo far? Well, what ſaid he to that?

Humph. His Words were, looking upon me ſtedfaſtly; *Humphrey*, ſays he, That Woman is a Woman of Honour!

Sir J. Bev. How! Do you think he is married to her, or deſigns to marry her?

Humph. I can ſay nothing to the latter——But he ſays, he can marry no one without your Conſent, while you are living.

Sir J. Bev. If he ſaid ſo much, I know he ſcorns to break his Word with me.

Humph. I am ſure of that.

Sir J. Bev. You are ſure of that——Well! that's ſome Comfort——Then I have nothing to do but to ſee the Bottom of this matter, during this preſent Ruffle——Oh, *Humphrey*——

Humph. You are not ill, I hope, Sir.

Sir J. Bev. Yes, a Man is very ill, that is in a very ill Humour: To be a Father, is to be in care for one, whom

whom you oftener diſoblige than pleaſe, by that very Care——Oh! that Sons could know the Duty to a Father, before they themſelves are Fathers——But, perhaps you'll ſay now, that I am one of the happieſt Fathers in the World; but I aſſure you, that of the very happieſt is not a Condition to be envied.

Humph. Sir, your Pain ariſes, not from the Thing itſelf, but your particular Senſe of it——You are over-fond, nay give me leave to ſay, you are unjuſtly apprehenſive from your Fondneſs; my Maſter *Bevil* never diſoblig'd you, and he will, I know he will, do every thing you ought to expect.

Sir J. Bev. He won't take all this Money with this Girl——For ought I know, he will forſooth, have ſo much Moderation, as to think he ought not to force his Liking for any Conſideration.

Humph. He is to marry her, not you: He is to live with her, not you, Sir.

Sir J. Bev. I know not what to think: But, I know, nothing can be more miſerable, than to be in this Doubt——Follow me; I muſt come to ſome Reſolution. [*Exeunt:*

SCENE, Bevil *Junior's Lodgings.*

Enter Tom *and* Phillis.

Tom. Well, Madam, if you muſt ſpeak with Mr. *Myrtle* you ſhall, he is now with my Maſter in the Library.

Phil. But you muſt leave me alone with him; for he can't make me a Preſent, nor I ſo handſomly take any thing from him before you, it would not be decent.

Tom. It will be very decent, indeed, for me to retire, and leave my Miſtreſs with another Man.

Phil. He is a Gentleman, and will treat me properly

Tom. I believe ſo——but, however, I won't be far off, and therefore will venture to truſt you: I'll call him to you. [*Exit* Tom.

Phil. What a deal of Pother and Splutter here is, between my Miſtreſs, and Mr. *Myrtle*, from meer Punctilio?

I could any hour of the Day get her to her Lover, and would do it——But ſhe, forſooth, will allow no Plot to get him; but if he can come to her I know ſhe would be glad of it: I muſt therefore do her an acceptable Violence, and ſurpriſe her into his Arms. I am ſure I go by the beſt Rule immaginable: If ſhe were my Maid, I ſhould think her the beſt Servant in the world for doing ſo by me.

Enter Myrtle *and* Tom.

Oh Sir! You and Mr. *Bevil* are fine Gentlemen, to let a Lady remain under ſuch Difficulties, as my poor Miſtreſs, and no Attempt to ſet her at Liberty, or releaſe her from the Danger of being inſtantly married to *Cimberton*.

Myr. *Tom* has been telling—But what is to be done?

Phil. What is to be done——when a Man can't come at his Miſtreſs?——Why can't you fire our Houſe, or the next Houſe to us, to make us run out and you take us?

Myrt. How, Mrs. *Phillis*——

Phil. Ay——let me ſee that Rogue deny to fire a Houſe, make a Riot, or any other little thing, when there were no other Way to come at me.

Tom. I am oblig'd to you, Madam.

Phil. Why, don't we hear every Day of People's hanging themſelves for Love, and won't they venture the Hazard of being hang'd for Love?——Oh! were I a Man——

Myrt. What manly thing would you have me undertake? according to your Ladyſhip's Notion of a Man.

Phil. Only be at once, what, one Time or other, you may be, and wiſh to be, or muſt be.

Myrt. Dear Girl, talk plainly to me, and conſider, I, in my Condition, can't be in very good Humour——you ſay to be at once what I muſt be.

Phil. Ay, ay,—— I mean no more than to be an Old Man; I ſaw you did it very well at the Maſquerade: In a word, old Sir *Geoffry Cimberton*, is every Hour expected in Town, to join in the Deeds and Settlements, for marrying Mr. *Cimberton*——He is

half

half blind, half lame, half deaf, half d[illegible]b; tho', as to his Paſſions and Deſires, he is as warm and ridiculous as when in the Heart of Youth.——

Tom. Come to the Buſineſs, and don't keep the Gentleman in Suſpence for the Pleaſure of being courted, as you ſerve me.

Phil. I ſaw you at the Maſquerade act ſuch a one to perfection; Go, and put on that very Habit, and come to our Houſe as Sir *Geoffrey*. There is not one there, but myſelf, knows his Perſon; I was born in the Pariſh where he is Lord of the Manor. I have ſeen him often and often at Church in the Country. Do not heſitate; but come thither; they will think you bring a certain Security againſt Mr. *Myrtle*, and you bring Mr. *Myrtle*; leave the reſt to me, I leave this with you; and expect———— They don't, I told you, know you; they think you out of Town, which you had as good be for ever, if you loſe this Opportunity——— I muſt be gone; I know I am wanted at home.

Myrt. My dear *Phillis!* [*Catches and kiſſes her, and gives her Money.*

Phil. O fy! my Kiſſes are not my own; you have committed Violence; but I'll carry 'em to the Right Owner. [Tom. *kiſſes her.*] Come ſee me down Stairs [*to* Tom] and leave the Lover to think of his laſt Game for the prize. [*Exeunt.* Tom *and* Phillis.

Myrt. I think I will inſtantly attempt this wild Expedient------the Extravagance of it will make me leſs ſuſpected, and it will give me Opportunity to aſſert my own Right to *Lucinda*, without whom I cannot live: But I am mortify'd at this Conduct of mine, towards poor *Bevil*; he muſt think meanly of me------I know not how to reaſſume myſelf, and be in Spirit enough for ſuch an Adventure as this———Yet I muſt attempt it, if it be only to be near *Lucinda*, under Her preſent Perplexities; and ſure----

The next Delight to Tranſport with the Fair,
Is to relieve her, in her Hours of Care. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Sealand's* Houſe.

Enter Phillis, *with Lights, before* Myrtle, *diſguis'd like old* Sir Geoffry; *ſupported by Mrs.* Sealand, Lucinda, *and* Cimberton.

Mrs. Seal. NOW I have ſeen you thus far, Sir *Geoffry*, will you excuſe me a Moment, while I give my neceſſary Orders for your Accommodation? [*Exit Mrs.* Seal.

Myrt. I have not ſeen you, Couſin *Cimberton*, ſince you were ten years old; and as it is incumbent on you, to keep up our Name and Family, I ſhall, upon very reaſonable Terms, join with you in a Settlement to that purpoſe. Tho' I muſt tell you, Couſin, this is the firſt Merchant that has married into our Houſe.

Luc. Deuce on 'em! am I a Merchant, becauſe my Father is? [*Aſide.*

Myrt But is he directly a Trader at this time?

Cimb. There's no hiding the Diſgrace, Sir; He trades to all Parts of the World.

Myrt. We never had one of our Family before, who deſcended from Perſons that did any thing.

Cimb. Sir, Since it is a Girl that they have, I am, for the Honour of my Family, willing to take it in again; and to ſink her into our Name, and no harm done.

Myrt. 'Tis prudently and generouſly reſolv'd——— Is this the young thing?

Cimb. Yes, Sir.

Phil. Good Madam, don't be out of Humour, but let them run to the utmoſt of their Extravagance——— Hear them out.

Myrt. Can't I ſee her nearer? My Eyes are but weak.

Phil. Beſide, I am ſure the Uncle has ſomething worth your Notice. I'll take care to get off the young one,

one, and leave you to obſerve what may be wrought out of the old one for your good. [*Exit.*

Cimb. Madam, this old Gentleman, your great Uncle, deſires to be introduced to you, and to ſee you nearer!——— Approach, Sir.

Myrt. By your Leave, young Lady——— [*Puts on Spectacles*]—Couſin *Cimberton!* She has exactly that ſort of Neck and Boſom, for which my Siſter *Gertrude* was ſo much admir'd, in the Year ſixty one, before the *French* Dreſſes firſt diſcovered any thing in Women, below the Chin.

Luc. [*Aſide.*] What a very odd Situation am I in? Tho I cannot but be diverted at the extravagance of their Humours, equally unſuitable to their Age——— Chin, quotha—I don't believe my paſſionate Lover there knows whether I have one or not. Ha! ha!

Myrt. Madam, I would not willingly offend, but I have a better Glaſs——— [*Pulls out a large one.*

Enter Phillis *to* Cimberton.

Phil. Sir, my Lady deſires to ſhew the Apartment to you, that ſhe intends for Sir *Geoffry.*

Cimb. Well Sir! by that time you have ſufficiently gazed, and ſunned yourſelf in the Beauties of my Spouſe there, I will wait on you again. [*Exit* Cimb. *and* Phil.

Myrt. Were it not, Madam, that I might be troubleſome, there is ſomething of Importance, tho' we are alone, which I would ſay more ſafe from being heard.

Luc. There is ſomething in this old Fellow methinks, that raiſes my Curioſity.

Myrt. To be free, Madam, I as heartily contemn this Kinſman of mine, as you do, and am ſorry to ſee ſo much Beauty and Merit devoted, by your Parents, to ſo inſenſible a Profeſſor.

Luc. Surpriſing!—I hope then, Sir, you will not contribute to the Wrong you are ſo generous to pity, whatever may be the Intereſt of your Family.

Myrt. This Hand of mine ſhall never be employd, to ſign any thing againſt your Good and Happineſs.

Luc. I am ſorry, Sir, it is not in my Power to make you proper Acknowledgments; but there is a Gen-

Gentleman in the World, whose Gratitude will, I am sure, be worthy of the Favour.

Myrt. All the Thanks I desire, Madam, are in your Power to give.

Luc. Name them, and Command them.

Myrt. Only, Madam, that the first time you are alone with your Lover, you will with open Arms receive him.

Luc. As willingly as his Heart could wish it.

Myrt. Thus then he claims your promise. O *Lucinda!*

Luc. O! a Cheat! a Cheat! a Cheat!

Myrt. Hush! 'tis I, 'tis I, your Lover, *Myrtle* himself Madam.

Luc. O bless me! what a Rashness and Folly to surprize me so——But hush—my Mother——

Enter Mrs. Sealand, Cimberton, *and* Phillis.

Mrs. Seal. How now what's the Matter?

Luc. O Madam! as soon as you left the Room, my Uncle fell into a sudden Fit, and—and---so I cry'd out for help, to support him, and conduct him to his Chamber.

Mrs. Seal That was kindly done! Alas! Sir, How do you find yourself?

Myrt. Never was taken in so odd a way in my Life--- pray lead me! Oh! I was talking here------(*pray carry me*) to my Cousin *Cimberton*'s young Lady---

Mrs. Seal. [*Aside.*] My Cousin *Cimberton*'s young Lady! How zealous he is, even in his Extremity, for the Match! a right *Cimberton.*

Cimberton *and* Lucinda *lead him, as one in Pain,* &c.

Cimb. Pox! Uncle, you will pull my Ear off.

Luc. Pray Uncle! you will squeeze me to Death.

Mrs. Seal. No matter, no matter---he knows not what he does. Come, Sir, Shall I help you out?

Myrt. By no means; I'll trouble no body but my young Cousins here. [*They lead him off.*

Phil. But pray, Madam, does your Ladyship intend that Mr. *Cimberton* shall really marry my young Mistress at last I don't think he likes her.

Mrs. Seal. That's not material! Men of his Speculation are above Desires---but be as it may; now I have given old Sir *Geoffrey* the Trouble of coming up to Sign and Seal, with what Countenance can I be off?

Phil

Phil. As well as with twenty others, Madam? It is the Glory and Honour of a great Fortune to live in continual Treaties, and ſtill to break off: it looks Great, Madam.

Mrs. Seal. True, *Phillis*——yet to return our Blood again into the *Cimbertons*, is an Honour not to be rejected ——--but were not you ſaying, that Sir *John Bevil*'s Creature *Humphrey* has been with Mr. *Sealand*?

Phil. Yes, Madam: I overheard them agree. That Mr. *Sealand* ſhould go himſelf, and viſit this unknown Lady that Mr. *Bevil* is ſo great with; and if he found nothing there to fright him, that Mr. *Bevil* ſhould ſtill marry my young Miſtreſs.

Mrs. Seal. How! nay then he ſhall find ſhe is my Daughter, as well as his: I'll follow him this Inſtant, and take the whole Family along with me: The diſputed Power of Diſpoſing of my own Daughter ſhall be at an end this very Night——I'll live no longer in Anxiety for a little Huſſy, that hurts my Appearence, where-ever I carry her: And for whoſe ſake, I ſeem to be not at all regarded, and that in the beſt of my Days.

Phil. Indeed, Madam, if ſhe were married, your Ladyſhip might very well be taken for Mr. *Sealand*'s Daughter.

Mrs. Seal. Nay, when the Chit has not been with me, I have heard the Men ſay as much——I'll no longer cut of the greateſt Pleaſure of a Woman's Life (the ſhining in Aſſemblies) by her forward Anticipation of the Reſpect, that's due to her Superior——ſhe ſhall down to *Cimberton-Hall*——ſhe ſhall——ſhe ſhall.

Phil. I hope, Madam, I ſhall ſtay with your Ladyſhip.

Mrs. Seal. Thou ſhalt, *Phillis*, and I'll place thee then more about me.——But order Chairs immediately. ——I'll begone this Minute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Charing-Croſs*

Enter Mr. Sealand, *and* Humphrey.

Mr. Seal. I am very glad, Mr. *Humphrey*, that you agree with me, that it is for our Common Good, I ſhould look thoroughly into this Matter.

Humph. I am, indeed of that Opinion; for there is no Artifice, nothing concealed in our Family, which ought in Juſtice to be known; I need not deſire you, Sir, to treat the Lady with Care and Reſpect.

Mr. Seal. Maſter *Humphrey*——I ſhall not be rude, tho' I deſign to be a little abrupt, and come into the Matter at once, to ſee how ſhe will bear, upon a Surpriſe.

Humph. That's the Door; Sir, I wiſh you Succeſs—[*While* Humphrey *ſpeaks*, Sealand *conſults his Table-Book.*] I am leſs concern'd what happens there, becauſe I hear Mr. *Myrtle* is well lodg'd, as old Sir *Geoffry*, ſo I am willing to let this Gentleman employ himſelf here, to give them time at home: For I am ſure, 'tis neceſſary for the Quiet of our Family, *Lucinda* were diſpoſed of, out of it, ſince, Mr. *Bevil*'s Inclination is ſo much otherwiſe engaged. [*Exit.*

Mr. Seal. I think this is the Door——[*Knocks.*] I'll carry this Matter with an Air of Authority, to inquire, tho I make an Errand to begin Diſcourſe. [*Knocks again, and Enter a Foot-Boy.*] So young Man! is your Lady within?

Boy. Alack, Sir? I am but a Country Boy,—I don't know, whether ſhe is or not: But an you'll ſtay a bit, I'll goa, and aſk the Gentlewoman that's with her.

Mr. Seal. Why, Sirrah, tho' you are a Country Boy, you can ſee can't you? you know whether ſhe is at home when you ſee her, don't you?

Boy. Nay, nay, I'm not ſuch a Country Lad neither, Maſter, to think ſh'es at home, becauſe I ſee her: I have been in Town but a Month, and I loſt one Place already, for believing my own Eyes.

Mr. Seal. Why, Sirrah! have you learnt to lye already?

Boy. Ah! Maſter! things that are Lies in the Country, are not Lies at *London*——I begin to know my Buſineſs a little bettter than ſo——but an you pleaſe to walk in, I'll call a Gentlewoman to you, that can tell you for certain——ſhe can make bold to aſk my Lady herſelf.

Mrs. Seal. O! then, ſhe is within, I find. tho' you dare not ſay ſo.

Boy. Nay, nay! that's neither here, nor there; What's matter

matter, whether she is within or no, if she has not a mind to see any Body?

Mr. Seal. I can't tell, Sirrah, whether you are Arch, or Simple, but however get me a direct Answer, and here's a Shilling for you.

Boy. Will you please to walk in, I'll see what I can do for you.

Mr. Seal. I see you will be fit for your Business, in time, Child. But I expect to meet with nothing but Extraordinaries in such a House.

Boy. Such a House! Sir, You han't seen it yet: Pray walk in.

Mr. Seal. Sir, I'll wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Indiana's *House.*

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What Anxiety do I feel for this poor Creature! What will be the End of her? Such a languishing unreserv'd Passion, for a Man, that at last must certainly leave, or ruin her! and perhaps both! then the Aggravation of the Distress is, that she does not believe he will ------not but, I must own, if they are both what they would seem, they are made for one another, as much as *Adam* and *Eve* were, for there is no other of their Kind, but themselves.

Enter Boy.

So *Daniel!* what News with you?

Boy. Madam, there's a Gentleman below wou'd speak with my Lady.

Isab. Sirrah! don't you know Mr. *Bevil* yet?

Boy, Madam, 'tis not the Gentleman who comes every Day, and asks for you, and won't go in 'till he knows whether you are with her or no.

Isab. Ha! that's a Particualar I did not know before: Well! be it who it will, let him come up to me.

Exit Boy: *and re-enters with Mr.* Sealand.

Isabella *looks amaz'd!*

Mr. Seal. Madam, I can't blame your being a little surpriſed, to ſee a perfect Stranger make a viſit, and—

Iſab. I am indeed ſurpriſed!——I ſee he does not know me.

Mr. Seal. You are very prettily lodg'd here, Madam, in troth you ſeem to have every thing in Plenty.——A Thouſand a Year, I warrant you, upon this pretty Neſt of Rooms, and the dainty one within them.

[*Aſide and looking about.*

Iſab. [*Aſide.*] Twenty Years, it ſeems, have leſs Effect in the Alteration of a Man of Thirty, than of a Girl of Fourteen——he's almoſt ſtill the ſame; but alaſs! I find by other Men, as well as himſelf, I am not what I was——as ſoon as he ſpoke I was convinc'd 'twas He——How ſhall I contain my Surpriſe and Satisfaction! he muſt not know me yet.

Mr. Seal. Madam, I hope I don't give you any Diſturbance; but there is a young Lady here with whom I have a particular Buſineſs to diſcourſe, and I hope ſhe will admit me to that Favour.

Iſab. Why Sir, Have you had any Notice concerning her? I wonder who could give it you.

Mr. Seal. That, Madam, is fit only to be communicated to herſelf.

Iſab. Well, Sir! You ſhall ſee her.—I find he knows nothing yet, nor ſhall from me: I am reſolv'd, I will obſerve this Interlude, this Sport of Nature, and of Fortune.---You ſhall ſee her preſently, Sir; For now I am as a mother, and will truſt her with you. [*Exit.*

Mr. Seal. As a Mother! right; that's the old Phraſe, for one of thoſe Commode Ladies, who lend out Beauty, for Hire, to young Gentlemen that have preſſing Occaſions. But here comes the precious Lady herſelf. In troth a very ſightly Woman——

Enter Indiana.

Ind. I am told, Sir, You have ſome Affair that requires your ſpeaking with me.

Mr. Seal. Yes, Madam: There came to my Hands a Bill drawn by *Mr. Bevil*, which is payable to-morrow: and he in the Intercourſe of Buſineſs, ſent it to me, who

who have Cash of his, and desired me to send a Servant with it; but I have made bold to bring you the Money myself.

Ind. Sir! Was that necessary?

Mr. Seal. No, Madam; But to be free with you, the Fame of your Beauty, and the Regard, which Mr. *Bevil* is a little too well known to have for you, excited my Curiosity.

Ind. Too well known to have for me! Your sober Appearence, Sir, Which my Friend describ'd, made me expect no Rudeness, or Absurdity, at least——Who's there? Sir, if you pay the Money to a Servant, 'twill be as well.

Mr. Seal. Pray, Madam, Be not offended; I came hither on an Innocent, nay a Virtuous Design; and if you will have Patience to hear me, it may be as useful to you, as you are in a Friendship with Mr. *Bevil*, as to my only Daughter, whom I was this Day disposing of.

Ind. You make me hope, Sir, I have mistaken you: I am compos'd again; be free, say on——what I am afraid to hear—— [*Aside.*

Mr. Seal. I fear'd indeed, an unwarranted Passion here, but I did not think it was in abuse of so worthy an Object, so accomplish'd a Lady, as your Sense and Mien bespeak——but the Youth of our Age care not what Merit and Virtue they bring to Shame, so they gratify——

Ind. Sir——You are going into very great Errors——but, as you are pleas'd to say you see something in me that has chang'd, at least, the Colour of your Suspicion; so has your Appearance alter'd mine, and made me earnestly attentive to what has any way concern'd you to enquire into my Affairs and Character.

Mr. Seal. How sensibly! with what an Air she talks!

Ind. Good Sir, Be seated—and tell me tenderly——keep all your Suspicions concerning me alive, that you may in a proper and prepared way——acquaint me why the Care of your Daughter obliges a Person of your seeming Worth and Fortune, to be thus inquisitive about a Wretched, helpless, friendless—[*Weeping.*] But I beg your Pardon——tho' I am an Orphan,

your Child is not; and your Concern for her, it ſeems has brought you hither——I'll be compos'd——pray go on, Sir,

Mr. Seal. How could Mr. *Bevil* be ſuch a Monſter, to injure ſuch a Woman?

Ind. No, Sir——you wrong him——he has not injured me--my Support is from his Bounty.

Mr. Seal. Bounty! when Gluttons give high Prices for Delicates, they are prodigious Bountiful.

Ind. Still, ſtill you will perſiſt in that Error——But my own Fears tell me all——You are the Gentleman, I ſuppoſe for whoſe happy Daughter he is deſign'd a Huſband, by his good Father, and he has, perhaps, conſented to the Overture. He was here this Morning, dreſs'd beyond his uſual Plainneſs, nay moſt ſumptuouſly——and he is to be perhaps, this Night a Bridegroom.

Mr. Seal. I own he was intended ſuch: But Madam, on your Account, I have determin'd to defer my Daughter's Marriage, 'till I am ſatisfied from your own Mouth, of what Nature are the Obligations you are under to him.

Ind. His Actions, Sir, his Eyes have only made me think, he deſign'd to make me the Partner of his Heart. The Goodneſs and Gentleneſs of his Demeanour made me miſinterpret all——'Twas my own Hope, my own Paſſion, that deluded me——he never made one Amorous Advance to me——His large Heart, and beſtowing Hand, have only help'd the Miſerable: Nor know I why, but from his mere Delight in Virtue, that I have been his Care, the Object on which to indulge and pleaſe himſelf, with pouring Favour.

Mr. Seal. Madam, I know not why it is, but I, as well as you, am methinks afraid of entring into the Matter I came about; but 'tis the ſame thing, as if we had talk'd never ſo diſtinctly——he never ſhall have a Daughter of mine.

Ind. If you ſay this from what you think of me, you wrong yourſelf and him—Let not me, miſerable tho' I may be, do Injury to my Benefactor——

No,

No, Sir, My Treatment ought rather to reconcile you to his Virtues.——If to bestow, without a Prospect of Return; if to delight in Supporting, what might, perhaps, be thought an Object of Desire, with no other View than to be her Guard against those who would not be so disinterested; if these Actions, Sir, Can in a careful Parent's Eye commend him to a Daughter, give yours, Sir, Give her to my honest, generous *Bevil*——What have I to do, but sigh, and weep, to rave, run wild, a Lunatick in Chains, or hid in Darkness, mutter in distracted Starts, and broken Accents, my strange strange Story!

Mrs. Seal. Take Comfort, Madam.

Ind. All my Comfort must be to expostulate in Madness, to releive with Frenzy my Despair, and shrieking to demand of Fate, why-- why was I born to such Variety of Sorrows?

Mr. Seal. If I have been the least Occasion——

Ind. No——'twas Heaven's high Will, I should be such——to be plunder'd in my Cradle! Tost'd on the Seas! and even there, an Infant Captive! to lose my Mother, hear but of my Father——To be adpted! lose my Adopter! then plunged again in worse Calamities!

Mrs. Seal. An Infant Captive.

Ind. Yet then! to find the most Charming of Mankind, once more to set me free, (from what I thought the last Distress) to load me with his Services, his Bounties, and his Favour; to support my very Life, in a way, that stole, at the same time, my very Soul itself from me.

Mr. Seal. And has young *Bevil* been this worthy Man?

Ind. Yet then again, this very Man to take another! without leaving me the Right, the Pretence of easing my fond Heart with Tears! For oh! I can't Reproach him though the same Hand that rais'd me to this Height now throws me down the Precipice.

Mr. Seal. Dear Lady! O yet one Moment's Patience: my Heart grows full with your Affliction! But yet, there's something in your Story that——

Ind.

Ind. My portion here is Bitterneſs, and Sorrow.

Mr. Seal. Do not think ſo: Pray anſwer me: Does *Bevil* know your Name, and Family?

Ind. Alas! too well! O, could I be any other Thing, than what I am—I'll tear away all Traces of my former Self, my little Ornaments, and Remains of my firſt State, the Hints of what I ought to have been———

[*In her Diſorder, ſhe throws away her Bracelet, which* Sealand *takes up, and looks earneſtly on it.*

Mr. Seal. Ha! what's this? my Eyes are not deceiv'd! It is, it is the ſame! the very Bracelet which I bequeath'd my Wife, at our laſt Mournful parting.

Ind. What ſaid you, Sir! Your Wife! Whither does my Fancy carry me? What means this unfelt Motion at my Heart? And yet again my fortune but deludes me; for if I err not, Sir, Your Name is *Sealand:* But my loſt Father's Name was———

Mr. Seal. Danvers! was it not?

Ind. What new Amazement! That is indeed my Family.

Mr. Seal. Know then, when my Misfortune drove me to the *Indies*, for Reaſons too tedious now to mention, I chang'd my Name of *Danvers* into *Sealand.*

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab If yet there wants an Explanation of your Wonder examine well this Face, (yours, Sir, I well remember) gaze on, and read, in me, your Siſter *Iſabella!*

Mr. Seal. My Siſter!

Iſab. But here's a Claim more tender yet———your *Indiana*, Sir, Your long loſt Daughter.

Mr. Seal. O my Child! my Child!

Ind. All Gracious Heav'n! is it poſſible! do I embrace my Father!

Mr. Seal. And I do hold thee—Theſe Paſſions are too ſtrong for Utterance—Riſe, riſe, my Child, and give my Tears their way—O my Siſter! [*Embracing her*

Iſab. Now, deareſt Neice, my groundleſs Fears, my painful Cares no more ſhall vex thee. If I have wrong'd thy noble Lover with too hard Suſpicions; my juſt Concern for thee, I hope, will plead my Pardon.

Mr. Seal.

Mrs. Seal. O! make him then the full Amends, and be yourself the Messenger of Joy: Fly this Instant!——tell him all these wonderous Turns of Providence in his Favour! Tell him I have now a Daughter to bestow, which he no longer will decline; that this Day he still shall be a Bridegroom; nor shall a Fortune, the Merit which his Father speaks, be wanting: Tell him the Reward of all his Virtue waits on his Acceptance. [*Exit Hab.*] My dearest *Indiana*. [*Turns and embraces her.*

Ind. Have I then, at last a Father's Sanction on my Love! His bounteous Hand to give, and make my Heart a Present worthy of *Bevil*'s Generosity?

Mrs. Seal. O! my Child! how are our Sorrows past, o'erpaid by such a Meeting! Though I have lost so many years of soft paternal Dalliance with thee, yet, in one Day, to find thee thus, and thus bestow thee, in such perfect Happiness! is ample! ample Reparation! And yet again the Merit of thy Lover.

Ind. O! had I Spirits left to tell you of his Actions! how strongly Filial Duty has suppressed his Love; and how Concealment still has doubled all his Obligations; the Pride, the Joy of his Alliance, Sir, Would warm your Heart, as he has conquer'd mine.

Mr. Seal. How laudable is Love, when born of Virtue! I burn to embrace him——

Ind. See, Sir, My Aunt already has succeeded, and brought him to your Wishes.

Enter Isabella, *with* Sir John Bevil, Bevil *jun.* Mrs Sealand, Cimberton, Myrtle, *and* Lucinda.

Sir. J. Bev. Entring] Where, where's the Scene of Wonder!——Mr. *Sealand*, I congratulate, on this Occasion, our mutual Happiness——Your good Sister, Sir, has with the Story of your Daughter's Fortune, fill'd us with Surprise and Joy! Now all Exceptions are removed my Son has now avow'd is Love, and turn'd all former Jealousies and Doubts to Approbation, and, I am told, your Goodness has consented to reward him.

Mrs. Seal. If Sir, a Fortune equal to his Father's Hopes, can make this Object worthy his Acceptance.

Bev. jun. I hear your Mention Sir, Of Fortune, with Pleasure,

Pleasure only, as it may prove the Means to reconcile the best of Fathers to my Love---Let him be Provident, but let me be Happy----My ever destin'd, my acknowledg'd Wife! [*Embracing* Indiana.

Ind. Wife!—O my ever loved! my Lord! my Master!

Sir. J. Bev. I congratulate myself as well as you, that I had a Son, who could, under such Disadvantage, discover your great Merit.

Mr. Seal. O! Sir *John!* how vain, how weak is human Prudence? What Care, what Foresight, what Imagination could contrive such blest Events, to make our Children happy, as Providence in one short Hour has laid before us?

Cimb. [*To Mrs Sealand*] I am afraid, Madam, Mr. *Sealand* is a little too busy for our Affair, if you please we'll take another Opportunity.

Mrs. Seal. Let us have Patience Sir.
Cimb. But we make Sir *Geoffry* wait, Madam,
Myrt. O Sir I'm not in haste.
} *During this* Bev. jun. *presents* Lucinda *to* Indiana.

Mrs. Seal. But here! here's our general Benefactor: Excellent young Man, that could be, at once, a Lover to her Beauty, and a Parent to her Virtue.

Bev. jun. If you think That an Obligation, Sir, Give me leave to overpay myself, in the only Instance, that can now add to my Felicity, by begging you to bestow this Lady on Mr. *Myrtle.*

Mr. Seal. She is his without Reserve, (I beg he may be sent for)—Mr. *Cimberton*, not withstanding you never had my Consent, yet there is, since I last saw you, another Objection to your Marriage with my Daughter.

Cimb. I hope, Sir, Your Lady has conceal'd nothing from me?

Mrs. Seal. Troth Sir, Nothing but what was conceal'd from myself; another Daughter, who has an undoubted Title to half my Estate.

Cimb. How! Mr. *Sealand!* Why then if half Mrs. *Lucinda*'s Fortune is gone, you can't say, that any of my Estate is settled upon her: I was in Treaty for the whole; but if that is not to be come at, to be sure, there can be no Bargain.---Sir,---I have nothing to do but to take my leave

leave of your good Lady my Cousin, and beg Pardon for the Trouble I have given this old Gentleman.

Myrt. That you have, Mr. *Cimberton*, with all my Heart. [*Discovers himself*

Omnes Mr. *Myrtle*.

Myrt. And I beg Pardon of the whole Company, that I assumed the Person of Sir *Geoffry*, only to be present at the Danger of this Lady's being disposed of, and in her utmost Exigence to assert my Right to her: Which if her Parents will ratify, as they once favour'd my Pretensions, no Abatemen of Fortune shall lessen her Value to me.

Luc. Generous Man!

Mr. Seal. If, Sir, You can over look the Injury of being in Treaty with one, who has meanly left her, as you have generously asserted your Right in her, she is Yours.

Luc. Mr. *Myrtle*, tho' you have ever had my Heart, yet now I find I love you more, because I bring you less.

Myrt. We have much more than we want, and I am glad any Event has contributed to the Discovery of our real Inclination to each other.

Mrs. Seal. Well! however I'm glad the Girl's disposed of any way. [*Aside.*

Bev. jun. Myrtle! no longer Rivals now, but Brothers.

Myrt. Dear *Bevil!* you are born to triumph over me! but now our Competition ceases: I rejoice in the Preheminence of your Virtue, and your Alliance adds Charms to *Lucinda*.

Sir. J. Bev. Now Ladies and Gentlemen, you have set the World a fair Example: Your happiness is owing to your Constancy and Merit: And the several Difficulties you have struggled with, evidently shew

What'ere the generous Mind itself denies,
The secret Care of Providence supplies. [*Exeunt.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

By Mr. *WELSTED*:

Intended to be Spoken by INDIANA.

OUR Author, whom Intreaties cannot move,
Spite of the Dear Coquetry that you love,
Swears he'll not fruſtrate (ſo he plainly means)
By a looſe Epilogue, his decent Scenes.
Is it not, Sirs hard Fate I meet To-day,
To keep me Rigid Still, beyond the Play?
And yet, I'm ſav'd a world of Pains that way:
I now can look, I now can move at Eaſe,
Nor need I torture theſe poor Limbs, to pleaſe;
Nor with the Hand or Foot attempt Surprize,
Nor wreſt my Features, nor fatigue my Eyes:
Bleſs me! What freakiſh Gambols have I play'd!
What Motions try'd, and wanton Looks betray'd!
Out of pure Kindneſs all! to Over-rule
The threaten'd Hiſs, and ſcreen ſome ſcribling Fool.
With more Reſpect I'm entertain'd To-night:
Our Author thinks, I can with Eaſe delight.
My Artleſs Looks while modeſt Graces arm,
He ſays, I need but to appear; and charm.
A Wife ſo form'd, by theſe Examples bred,
Pours Joy and Gladneſs 'round the Marriage-Bed;
Soft Source of Comfort, kind Relief from Care,
And 'tis her leaſt Perfection to be Fair.
The Nymph with Indiana's *Worth who vies,*
A Nation will behold with Devil's *Eyes.*

FINIS.